

THE GRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Lord George Hamill"



LORD KITCHENER AND ONE OF OUR INDIAN GUESTS IN ROTTEN ROW

THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Topics of the Week

SOME time must elapse before the real magnitude of the task which this country has to accomplish in South Africa will disclose itself.

The Boers Reconstruction can scarcely be said to have been commenced in earnest yet. The material damage resulting from the war has first to be repaired, and until this is done neither Briton nor Boer will have much time to devote to politics. While the Boers have to be repatriated, the Uitlanders have also to be brought back, and this, under present circumstances, will be a slow operation. Until this is done, however, the normal population will not have been re-established, and thus the elements out of which the future of the Transvaal has to be fashioned will not be complete. Then, again, the whole complex system of Government has to be organised, and upon this will very largely depend the attitude of the different classes of the population towards the new Administration. Even when all this preliminary work has been completed, there will still remain the problem of reconciling the Dutch—not only in the new Colonies but also in the Cape. The idea that the war itself has proved an effectual reconciler is obviously a delusion. For the moment little is heard of a recalcitrant spirit, partly because the expression of seditious opinions is likely to be severely visited upon their authors, but chiefly because the Boers have other things to think about. They have to remake their homes, to till their ravaged lands, to place themselves once more in a position to make bread for themselves and their wives and children. While they are thus preoccupied they are not likely to interest themselves much in what is taking place in Pretoria, and their native "slimness" will suffice to restrain them from criticising the new Government, on whose goodwill they are dependent for the wherewithal to start afresh in life. Deep down in their hearts, however, we may be certain that their feelings are not altogether cordial towards their conquerors. If they were left alone by agitators and were tactfully treated by the new Administration, it is possible that these feelings would slumber until, with a new generation, they might pass away altogether. But the agitators are there, and it would be the most infatuated folly not to recognise their presence and their powers of mischief. It is not difficult to recognise in the recent utterances of Boer leaders such men as Generals Lukas Meyer, Botha and Delarey—that, with all their anxiety to assure a durable peace to South Africa under the new conditions, they are essentially irreconcilable. Their national hopes have not been crushed, and by the preservation of their language, their race and their traditions they trust to find an opportunity one day to throw off their new thralldom. This was Mr. Schalk Burger's idea when he first tried to induce Mr. Steyn to make peace, and it is clear now that the idea has been more or less tacitly adopted by all the leading Boers. The Dutch Church may be relied upon to do its utmost to nourish this spirit, and we do not doubt that fertilising elements will be found on the Continent of Europe by the Boer Generals who are now on their way thither. There is, of course, no need to view this state of affairs with alarm. It is a problem with which our Imperial experience has familiarised us, and there can be little doubt that with patience and by the equitable application of the principles which have hitherto guided our Colonial administration we shall solve it. What is, however, of great importance is that we should not ignore the real facts of the situation. A generosity based on the assumption that all danger is passed would be as perilous as a policy of cruel repression. What we have to do is to see things as they are and to observe the terms of settlement with scrupulous justice. If we do this the Boer, who is a hard bargainer, will soon learn to limit the horizon of his hopes and will make the best of a situation which he cannot change.

The China Treaty IF the new China Treaty, which Sir James Mackay has negotiated, really effects all the reforms promised it will mark a stage of the utmost importance in the relations between China and the rest of the world. The monetary reform alone is a matter of which the value can hardly be exaggerated. In England we have been so long accustomed to a convenient and well-founded monetary system, that it is difficult for us to realise the condition of a country where the value of money varies with every day's march. Beyond this great reform, promises are held out of the improvement of the navigation of the Yangtse and Canton rivers, of an improved system of mining leases, so as to encourage the development of the mineral resources of the country, while safeguarding the interests of the Government; and of better regulations for the protection of trade marks, and for European companies with Chinese shareholders. All these points, however, are relatively unimportant in

comparison to the proposal to abolish Likin, a system of inland Customs levied at numerous and arbitrarily placed barriers, in exchange for an increase in the Customs duties. It is hard to believe that this great reform will be carried out in any reasonable time. It is from Likin that the provincial governors derive a large part of the revenues of their provinces, and if this source of revenue is destroyed very serious administrative difficulties will probably result. On this ground, as well as on account of their personal gain, the mandarins will probably resist the proposed abolition of Likin with all the power they can command. On the other hand, European merchants will be chary of agreeing to an increase of Chinese Customs duties until they feel sure that Likin will really be abolished. It is on this point that the ratification of the Treaty hinges. The difficulty is that nobody can say with certainty that the promised reforms will be really executed.

The French Religious Associations ALTHOUGH M. Combes is not responsible for the law under which the French religious associations are being harried, and although a strong case can be made out for putting it in force, he would have acted more prudently by leaving matters as they were when his Ministry came into office. M. Waldeck-Rousseau knew where to stop with this crusade against political intrigue masked behind religion; he struck sufficiently hard to content his Parliamentary supporters, but not so sharply as to play into the hands of those who still plot the destruction of the Republic. There lies, apparently, the main blunder of his successor; even he himself must perceive that rural France begins to display unmistakable symptoms of anger, and, we might almost say, of something worse. The peasants did not concern themselves greatly about the Dreyfus affair, but who shall blame them for keenly resenting the expulsion of schools where their children were educated in the way which they themselves preferred? "Why not leave it alone?" a certain English Prime Minister was wont to ask when worried to do something for which he had no relish. He was, of course, charged with indolence, apathy and in differentiation by his reforming enemies. But there was a good deal of political sagacity in the ever-ready formula, and M. Combes would have saved himself from immersion in unpleasantly hot and possibly dirty water by acting in accordance with its teaching, as M. Waldeck-Rousseau did after he had once proved his strength

Snap Rifle Shooting LORD ROBERTS has undeniably placed his finger on a very weak point in the methods adopted by the N.R.A. to improve national marksmanship for military purposes of a practical kind. When its praiseworthy career began, there was much excuse for devising competitions to test individual skill at long distances. At that time the average British soldier was very much disposed to cast scorn on the alleged potentialities of his new weapon. Its success had not been conspicuous either in the Crimea or during the Indian Mutiny, and it was essential, therefore, to convince the gallant Gallio that if he did not shoot straight the fault would be with himself, and not with his tool. But the rank and file learned that lesson years ago, and wholly different teaching is now needed to bring their marksmanship up to the military mark. The Commander-in-Chief derives from the late South African campaign the fact that the soldier should be practised in snap-shooting—that is, in getting his bead on the enemy in an instant as American Saloon roughs do with their revolvers the moment a scum-image comes into sight. Unless this is done, the enemy has time to get under cover and the chance of knocking him over is lost. We do not, however, understand Lord Roberts to mean that snap-shooting should be resorted to at very long ranges; that would be sheer waste of ammunition. But up to, say, 300 yards, it would come in most usefully, as a supplement to individual marksmanship at longer distances. No doubt there is difficulty in getting true aim the instant the rifle comes to the shoulder; there is a good deal of knack in it, as in the case of unerring snipe shots. But the knack can always be more or less acquired by constant practice under skilled supervision, and we make no doubt that the N.R.A. will stimulate such instruction by establishing snap-shot competitions on a generous scale.

An Interesting Article, entitled
CRICKETERS AND THEIR BENEFITS, THE LUCK
OF THE WEATHER,
With an Ingenious Diagram showing Names and Amounts
at a Glance, and
A HOLIDAY IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS
(Illustrated).
Are among the Interesting Features of this week's
GOLDEN PENNY.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE *

WEDDINGS still run their merry course. Miss Gully, the Speaker's daughter, received the homage of the House of Commons on her marriage in the shape of a magnificent opal and diamond necklace and bracelet, for it was the first occasion for many years on which a daughter of the Speaker has been married during her father's tenure of office. Of course St. Margaret's Church, that favourite of Members of Parliament, was chosen for the ceremony, and the music was as beautiful as the floral decorations.

Lady Lettice Grosvenor's marriage to Lord Beauchamp was a country wedding, always a picturesque affair. She was attended by a number of bridesmaids and wore a very lovely robe of old lace embroidered in silver. Lord and Lady Beauchamp mean to spend their honeymoon at home, which is not surprising when one remembers the beauties of Madresfield—the old house, the old gardens, the triangle of avenues composed of cedars, elms and *Pinus Nobilis* and the fine trees scattered about the Park. The gardens are famous, and grow in each specially designed garden one kind of flower; the vineyards and peach-houses produce very fine fruit, for which the head gardener constantly takes prizes; the house itself contains treasures of all kinds, and one purely mediæval bedroom, used by Lord Beauchamp himself.

Let those ladies who pride themselves on slimness of figure, and for that purpose use all kinds of remedies, avoid violent cures. It is said that the Empress of Germany, who, like most of her compatriots, inclined to embonpoint, was requested by her husband to try one of these specifics. She did so and became slim as a girl, but since then has persistently suffered from ill-health. Where the natural tendency is to fat, and the ordinary measures of exercise and careful diet fail in their effect, it is always dangerous to reduce one's self suddenly. Waters are perhaps the easiest mode of ridding one's self of superfluous flesh, or the treatment at Llandrindod, where food is given scantily, exercise in full measure, and about a dozen tumblers of water swallowed daily.

This is the season when everyone begins to think of making holiday, yet few of us really understand the art. Change of occupation, or, to the very busy, no occupation at all, is, perhaps, the best way of enjoying a holiday. Mr. Gladstone always devoted his spare time to tree-felling or some new study, and it is well at the outset of every holiday to arrange in one's own mind a practical programme. Being idle is not so easy as one would think. The man of business, whose every moment is occupied, wearies of doing nothing, or playing games which seem to him an inane variation on idleness. Motoring is the new view of a holiday; but in a storm of wind and rain even motoring holds no enjoyment. I knew some old ladies whose idea of a holiday was reading over and cataloguing old letters. It really does not much matter what we do, so long as we are interested in the pursuit; but many people find no interest in matters outside their home and their own immediate affairs. To such we would say, "Stay at home, turn out your drawers, and sort your old letters."

Mme. Réjane's (the famous actress) ideas on dress must be interesting to women, for she not only chooses pretty clothes, but knows how to wear them, which not every owner of smart frocks understands. She says she likes the present style of dress, because it is not style at all; every woman may wear what she prefers, and suit her own individuality. For herself, Mme. Réjane loves the Louis XVI. period, the long coats and the sleeves finished off at the elbow with ruffles. Her opinion is that it is a woman's duty to leave a pleasing impression of herself. When she knows how to dress, she moves in an atmosphere of charm and intelligence. That is just it; the French dress intelligently, while we too often only dress in the fashion.

The authorities have stopped poor old Gipsy Lee, of the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, from telling fortunes. She did no harm and sometimes said wonderfully true things, while amusing her visitors. Yet the palmists of the West End flourish and take guineas instead of half-crowns. That some gypsies possess a subtle skill in delineating character no one can deny. All the black arts came originally from the East, why should not some of the science have survived among the various Romany tribes? Be that as it may, there is something in palmistry, and the hand of a man speaks as plainly in his favour as his face, for people learn to control the muscles of their countenance, but cannot alter the shape of their hands, cannot at will change the mounts which accompany talent and ambition, or the lines which speak of temperament and amiability. Every student of human nature should study the hand, not with a view to prophecy, but with due regard to friendship and enmity, trust or suspicion, and knowledge of character.

A young Austrian lady, only twenty-four years of age, has been appointed to the post of station-mistress in a village of the Tyrol. She has worked under railway managers and mastered all the necessary routine. When will the experiment be tried in England?

What a summer we are having!—two fine days and a thunder-storm, sometimes the thunder-storm without the fine days—and how is a woman to dress? If she wears muslin and the day turns out rainy, she looks like a rag; if she wears dark clothing it is sure to be hot and sultry, and she looks a dowdy. Really I believe there is nothing like serge—thin serge, light-coloured or white, in the summer, thick and dark in the winter. As for chiffon, muslin and gauze, some evil spirit must have invented them just to tease Englishwomen with their capricious and changeable climate. This climate is responsible for our dressmaker's bills, the amount of luggage we find it necessary to take about with us, and for the numerous colds we catch while trying to play at summer in wintry weather.

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WEEK-END TRIPS.

The Week-End Tickets issued on Friday and Saturday, August 1 and 2, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other Midland Stations to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE and INLAND RESORTS, will be available for return up to August 6.

APPLY FOR PROGRAMMES

containing complete particulars of these arrangements, to the District Superintendent, ST. PANCRAS Station; at the MIDLAND Stations and City Booking Offices; or at any of Messrs. Cook and Son's Agencies.

JOHN MATHIESON, GENERAL MANAGER.

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HARROGATE arr.		11G32	2	12	4	20	5	57	6	25	8	10
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	5	0	5	40
		5	15	9	30	11	30	12	15	1	30	12F 0

HARROGATE dep.		C	* A	C	C	* C	C	* C	C	C	C	
LONDON (St. Pancras) arr.		7	30	8	35	10	15	11	40	12	32	3
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.							
		1	0	2	1H10	3	40	5	0	6	10	7

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* THROUGH EXPRESSES.

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Bangor		4 8	5 22	7 36
Pwllheli		3 24	5 43	7 55
Criccieth		5 20	—	9 10
		5 13	—	9 38
London (Euston)	dep.	9 30	11 0	2 33
Barmouth			p.m.	p.m.
Aberystwyth	arr.	4 40	6 10	—
		4 20	5 45	9 35

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London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	p.m.
Llandrindod Wells	arr.	4 15	7 5
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What EARL CADOGAN says:—At Trinity College, Dublin, His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland recently said:—"I hope that every lady and every gentleman in this room will, before the season is over, make it their business, as well as their pleasure, to go and see what, in my opinion, is one of the most remarkable exhibitions that has ever been held probably in any country. It is impossible to exaggerate the ability and the success with which the arrangements for that exhibition have been carried out, and I am quite sure it will well reward a visit."

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(LAST FIVE NIGHTS)

LAST MATINEES { TO-DAY (Saturday), WEDNESDAY, August 6, } at 2.15.

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Diavolo Looping the Loop on a bicycle. The most daring and thrilling feat ever accomplished. A MARVELLOUS SIGHT. ROYAL AQUARIUM. NOTICE.—The Bank Holiday Performances Commence Punctually at 10.0 a.m.

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A very successful fete in aid of the Mansion House Fund of the Coronation Gift was given at Earl's Court. In the afternoon Mr. Cremieu Javal and the committee of the Coronation Fete received a number of Colonial and Indian guests in the grounds of the Old Welcome Club, and a little later Miss Marie Lloyd gave a largely patronised performance in the Jardin de Paris Theatre. Between this concert

and the lighting up of the gardens the three bands of the United States cruiser *Illinois*, the French Military Band, and the home products of the Grenadier Guards and the 2nd Life Guards were much in evidence, and subsequently the gardens were beautifully illuminated. At nine o'clock all the bands played "God Save the King," and the proceedings ended.

SELLING BUTTONHOLES IN AID OF THE KING'S HOSPITAL FUND AT THE EARL'S COURT CORONATION FÉTE

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



Some 19,000 boys, girls and infants were gathered together in the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company at the Municipal Coronation Fete last week. All the children received a large medal impressed with the heads of the King and Queen on the obverse and with the Borough Arms on the reverse side, and "Coronation, 1902," for date. Two cakes and a box of chocolate with the lid adorned with coloured portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra were also given to each child, as, marshalled by Mr. Alderman W. Howes and Mr. Alderman E. Tripp, they were marched to their stations on the

parade ground. The Mayor (Mr. Enos Howes) directed operations. A bugle call was the signal for the big battalions to dismiss and betake themselves to enjoyment. There were ventriloquists, piano-organs, bands, Christy minstrels, performing dogs, gramophones, marionettes, "Punch and Judy" and other amusements to entertain them, and at the refreshment tents tea, coffee, ginger-beer, lemonade and milk were served without stint. As a finale there was a march past before the Earl of Denbigh, and the National Anthem was sung.

THE CHILDREN'S CORONATION FÉTE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE H.A.C. AT FINSBURY: BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE MARIONETTES

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. M. COOKE, BONSETT
Great crowds assembled in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace to witness the military fêtes which were held two weeks in succession. The Perak Lancers, the Malay State Guides, and the Fijians took part in a most effective military display. One of the most telling items of the programme was the war dance given by the last-mentioned. In the evening the Palace grounds were specially illuminated.

A FIJI WAR DANCE IN THE COLONIAL FETE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE



EATON HALL: WHERE THE TROOPS WERE RECEIVED



FIRST ARRIVALS LEAVING THE BOAT AT THE EATON HALL STUD LANDING-STAGE



GETTING INTO LINE TO MARCH TO EATON HALL

By invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster 240 of the Colonial troops, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Murray Straits Settlements, visited Eaton Hall, travelling from London to Chester by special train, and thence going by steamer up the Dee to the Hall, where they were received by their hosts and a distinguished party, among whom were the Countess of Shaftesbury, Earl Beauchamp, Lady Lettice Grosvenor, the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Wyndham, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, the Hon. Cecil and Mrs. Parker, and Colonel Wilford Lloyd. Our photographs are by R. Banks, Market Street, Manchester

THE VISIT OF COLONIAL TROOPS TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AT EATON HALL

The Past Opera Season

THE Opera season at Covent Garden ended on Monday with a performance of *Rigoletto*, in which the principal parts were sustained by Madame Melba and Signor Caruso, who have been the most popular artists of the year. Signor Caruso, who was a *débutant*, has, indeed, completely won the favor of Covent Garden audiences, almost exclusively by the beauty of his voice; for he is well-nigh as unsophisticated in costume as he is undistinguished in stage presence. But his voice is sweeter, more rich, and more equal, than that of any other tenor we have had since Mario retired.

During the past season of seventy representations, no fewer than twenty-one operas have been mounted, besides separate acts from Rossini's *Il Barbiere* and Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*. Signor Caruso's influence may be traced in the fact that no fewer than ten works have been performed in Italian in the course of the summer, while five have been sung in French and eight in German. The list of the season's repertory has (besides the two "one-acts") included *Romeo et Juliette*, which had seven performances; *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, *Rigoletto*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Tristan*, which had five; *Aida* and *La Bohème*, which had four; *Lucia*, *Manon*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Siegfried*, and *Pagliacci*, which had three; and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Traviata*, and *Die Walkure*, which had two representations each. Two performances each were also given of the two novelties—that is to say, Mr. Bunting's *Princess Osra* and Miss Smyth's *Der Waid*. Miss Smyth's opera would certainly have been performed more frequently had its production not been delayed till practically the last week of the season. However, her opera has been so well received that there is a talk of doing later on her first stage work, *Fantasio*.

Apart from Madame Melba, who, after fifteen representations in London, sails to-day for her trip to Australia, and Signor Caruso, who, after singing at Covent Garden twenty-three times, will shortly be off to Buenos Ayres, the favourite singers this year have been Madame Calvé, who appeared six times, although in only two parts, Madame Suzanne Adams, who has sung sixteen times, Madame

Nordica, who with M. van Dyck has been most useful in Wagnerian parts, Frau Lohse, M. Saleza, and M. Plançon.

LANCE-CORPORAL KERR
Winner of the Silver MedalLIEUTENANT JOHNSON
King's Prize WinnerLANCE-CORPORAL COLE
Winner of the Bronze MedalTROOP-SERGEANT-MAJOR MACNAMARA
Winner of the Colonial Cup in the Coronation Series

Bisley Winners

LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, the King's prizeman, has continually attended the Bisley meetings since 1896, with the exception of 1900, and, although competing in various National Rifle Association competitions, he had not attained distinction until Saturday, except in 1899, when he won the Championship of the North London Rifle Club. Fifteen months ago he volunteered for the front, and went out to South Africa as a member of the 20th Battalion of Rough Riders. He is by profession a chartered accountant, was educated at King's College School, and is a native of Leicester. He is twenty-six years of age.

Lance-Corporal Kerr, of the 1st Dumbarton, the winner of the Silver Medal in the second stage of the King's Prize, is a French polisher by trade, living at Helensburgh, and is twenty-four years of age. In 1900 he won the Scotch Championship at Darnley, a performance which he repeated this year. Two years ago he was second at Bisley in the grand aggregates, and has shot once in the Scottish Twenty. At the 1901 Bisley meeting he was in the King's Hundred.

Lance-Corporal Cole, of the 1st Dorset Regiment, is the winner of the Bronze Medal, given to the Volunteer making the best score in the first stage of the King's Prize competition. Lance-Corporal Cole made 103 marks out of a possible 105.

Troop-Sergeant-Major Macnamara, of Southern Rhodesia, is the winner of the Colonial Cup in the Coronation Series. He originally tied in this competition with Corporals Green and Robertson, with a score of 101 points out of a possible 105. Our portraits are by Charles Knight, Aldershot.



Viscount Kitchener paid a special visit to Hampton Court to review the troops of the Indian Coronation contingent now encamped there. Lord Kitchener, who travelled from London in the King's motor-car, was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, commanding the Coronation troops, Major General Sir Henry Trotter, commanding the Home District, and Colonel Hastings. The troops in camp, to the number of about

1,200, were drawn up in line on the parade-ground. At the close of the inspection, which lasted about half an hour, the troops were marched past in sections four deep. In conclusion, all the native officers of the contingent were assembled, and individually were presented to Lord Kitchener, his lordship touching each officer's sword, and saying a few words. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

INDIAN OFFICERS BEING INTRODUCED TO LORD KITCHENER AT HAMPTON COURT



One of the most interesting competitions was that in which experience gained in South Africa during the recent war was applied to mounted men. It was called the "Mounted Scouts," and was open to cavalry from any cavalry unit. A hundred pounds in prizes was given by an anonymous donor. The idea was that a small body of cavalry was sent out to engage the enemy's infantry until reinforcements arrived. Thirteen teams were required to ride a course of about a mile and fire dismounted at two distances of 500 and 800 yards. No horseholders were permitted, but the animal had to be left under cover or hidden from view during the firing. A time limit of twenty minutes to cover the course was imposed. The competition was won by the 7th Hussars with 82 points.

THE BISLEY MEETING : THE MOUNTED SCOUTS COMPETITION

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.



Some 1,700 children in all were entertained at Gray's Inn, and of the entertainment provided for them the two things which gave most satisfaction were the niggers and the grassy banks. They thronged round the one and they rolled down the others unceasingly. Tea was served during the afternoon and this the children partook of, sitting in rows on the ground.

THE CHILDREN'S CORONATION FETE IN THE GRAY'S INN
DRAWN BY W. C. MACD.



"For one second they stood facing each other, very types of the Eastern and Western World; the Roman—sturdy, honest-eyed, watchful and fearless, his head thrown back, his feet apart, his shield arm forward, his sword hand pressed to his side from which the steel projected. Over against him was the Jew, crouched like a tiger about to spring."

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCUS AND CALEB

On the morrow, as he had promised, Ithiel brought this question of whether or no Miriam was to be allowed to execute a bust of the centurion Marcus before the Court of the curators of the Essenes, who were accustomed thus to consider questions connected with their ward's welfare in solemn conclave. There was a division of opinion. Some of them saw no harm; others, more strait-laced, held that it was scarcely correct that a Roman whose principles, doubtless, were lax, should be allowed to sit to the lady whom they fondly called their child. Indeed, it seemed dubious whether the leave would be given, until a curator, with more worldly wisdom than the rest, suggested that as the captain seemed desirous of having his picture taken in stone, under the circumstances of his visit, which included a commission to make a general report upon their society to the authorities, it might be scarcely wise to deny his wish. Finally, a compromise was effected. It was agreed that Miriam should be permitted to do the work, but only in the presence of Ithiel and two other curators, one of them her own instructor in art.

Thus it came about that when Marcus presented himself for the second time, at an hour fixed by Ithiel, he found three white-bearded and white-robed old gentlemen seated in a row in the workshop, and behind them, a smile on her dusky face, Nehushta. As he entered they rose and bowed to him, a compliment which

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he returned. Now Miriam appeared, to whom he made his salutation.

"Are these," he said, indicating the elders, "waiting their turn to be modelled, or are they critics?"

"They are critics," replied Miriam; drily, as she lifted the damp cloths from the rude lump of clay.

Then the work began. As the three curators were seated in a line at the end of the shed, and did not seem to think it right to leave their chairs, they could see little of its details, and as they were early risers and the afternoon was hot, soon they were asleep, every one of them.

"Look at them," said Marcus, "there is a subject for any artist."

Miriam nodded, and taking three lamps of clay, working deftly and silently, presently produced to his delighted sight rough but excellent portraits of these admirable men, who, when they woke up, laughed at them very heartily.

Thus things went on from day to day. Each afternoon the elders attended, and each afternoon they sank to slumber in their comfortable chairs, an example that Nehushta followed, or seemed to follow, leaving Miriam and her model practically alone. As may be guessed, the model who liked conversation, did not neglect these opportunities. Few were the subjects which the two of them failed to discuss. He told her of all his life, which had been varied and exciting, omitting, it is true, certain details; also of the wars in which he had served, and the countries that he had visited. She in turn told him the simple story of her existence among the

Essenes, which he seemed to find of interest. When these subjects were exhausted, they discussed other things, the matter of religion, for instance. Indeed, Miriam ventured to expound to him the principles of her faith, to which he listened respectfully and with attention.

"It sounds well," he said at length with a sigh, "but how do such maxims fit in with this world of ours? See now, lady, I am not old, but already I have studied so many religions. First, there are the gods of Greece and Rome, my own gods, you understand—well, the less said of them the better. They serve, that is all. Then there are the gods of Egypt, as to which I made inquiry, and of them I will say this, that beneath the grotesque cloak of their worship seems to shine some spark of a holy fire. Next come the gods of the Phoenicians, the fathers of a hideous creed. After them the flame worshippers and other kindred religions of the East. There remain the Jews, whose doctrine seems to me a savage one; at least it involves bloodshed with the daily offering of blood. Also they are divided, these Jews, for some are Pharisees, some Sadducees, some Essenes. Lastly, there are you Christians, whose faith is pure enough in theory, but whom all unite against in hate. What is the worth of a belief in this crucified Preacher who promises that He will raise those who trust in Him from the dead?"

"That you will find out when everything else has failed you," answered Miriam.

"Yes, it is a religion for those whom everything else has failed. When that chances to the rest of us we commit suicide and sink from sight."

"And we," she said proudly, "rise to life eternal."

"It may be so, lady, it may be so, but let us talk of something more cheerful," and he sighed. "At present, I hold that nothing is eternal—except perhaps such art as yours."

"Which will be forgotten in the first change of taste, or crumbled in the first fire. But, see, he is awake. Come here, my master, and work this nostril, for it is beyond me."

The old artist advanced and looked at the bust with admiration.

"Child Miriam," he said, "I used to have some skill in this art, and I taught you its rudiments, "but now, child, I am not fit to temper your clay. Deal with the nostril as you will, I am but a hod man who bears the bricks, you are the heaven-born architect. I will not meddle, I will not meddle; yet, perhaps—," and he made a suggestion.

"So?" said Miriam, touching the clay with her tool. "Oh! look, it is right now. You are clever, my master."

"It was always right. I may be clever, but you have genius, and would have found the fault without any help from me."

"Did I not say so?" broke in Marcus triumphantly.

"Sir," replied Miriam, "you say a great deal, and much of it, I think, you do not mean. Please be silent; at this moment I wish to study your lips, and not your words."

So the work went on. They did not always talk, for soon they found that speech is not necessary to true companionship. Once Miriam began to sing, and since she discovered that her voice pleased Marcus and soothed the slumbers of the elders, she sang often; quaint, old songs of the desert and of the Jordan fishermen. Also she told him tales and legends, and when she had done Nehushta told others, wild stories of Libya, some of them very dark and bloody, others of magic, black or white. Thus these afternoons passed happily enough, and the clay model being finished, Miriam began to fashion it in marble.

There was one, however, for whom these days did not pass happily—Caleb. From the time that he had seen Miriam walking side by side with Marcus, he hated the brilliant-looking Roman in whom, his instinct warned him, he had found a dangerous rival. Oh! how he hated him. So much, indeed, that even in the moment of first meeting he could not keep his rage and envy in his heart, but suffered them to be written on his face, and to shine like danger signals in his eyes, which, it may be remembered, Marcus did not neglect to note.

Of Miriam Caleb had seen but little lately. She was not angry with him, since his crime was of a nature which a woman can forgive, but in her heart she feared him. Of a sudden, as it were, the curtain had been drawn, and she had seen this young man's secret spirit and learned that it was a consuming fire. It had come home to her that every word he spoke was true, that he who was orphaned and not liked even by the gentle elders of the Essenes, loved but one being upon earth, herself, whereas already his bosom seethed with many hates. She was sure also that any man for whom she chanced to care, if such an one should ever cross her path, would, as Caleb had promised, go in danger at his hands, and the thought frightened her. Most of all did it frighten her when she saw him glower upon Marcus. Although in truth the Roman was nothing to her, yet, as she knew, Caleb had judged otherwise.

But if she saw little of him, of this Miriam was sure enough, that he was seldom far from her, and that he found means to learn from day to day how she spent her hours. Indeed, Marcus told her that wherever he went he met that handsome young man with revengeful eyes, whom she had said was named Caleb. Therefore Miriam grew frightened again, as the issue will show, not without cause.

One afternoon, while Miriam was at work upon the marble, and the three elders were as usual sunk in slumber, Marcus said suddenly:

"I forgot. I have news for you, lady. I have found out who murdered that Jewish thief, whose end, amongst other things, I was sent to investigate. It was your friend, Caleb."

Miriam started so violently that her chisel gave an unexpected effect to one of Marcus's curls.

"Hush!" she said, glancing towards the sleepers, one of whom had just snored so loudly that he began to awake at the sound, then added in a whisper, "They do not know, do they?"

He shook his head and looked puzzled.

"I must speak to you of this matter," she went on with agitation, and in the same whisper. "No, not now or here, but alone."

"When and where you will," answered Marcus, smiling, as if the prospect of a solitary conversation with Miriam did not displease him, although this evil-doing Caleb was to be its subject. "Name the time and place, lady."

By now the snoring elder was awake, and rising from his chair with a great noise, which in turn roused the others. Nehushta also rose from her seat, and, in doing so, as though by accident, overset a copper tray, on which lay metal tools.

"In the garden one hour after sunset. Nehushta will leave the little lower door unlocked."

"Good," answered Marcus; then added in a loud voice, "Not so, lady. Ye gods! what a noise! I think the curl improved by the slip. It looks less as though it had been waxed after the Egyptian fashion. Sirs, why do you disturb yourselves? I fear that to you this long waiting must be as tedious as to me it seems unnecessary."

The sun was down, and the last red glow had faded from the western sky, which was now lit only by the soft light of a half-moon. All the world lay bathed in peace and beauty; even the stern outlines of the surrounding mountains seemed softened, and the pale waters of the Dead Sea and the ashen face of the desert gleamed like silver new cast from the mould. From the oleanders and lilies which bloomed along the edge of the irrigation channels, and from the white flowers of the glossy, golden-fruited orange-trees, floated a perfume delicious to the sense, while the silence was only broken from time to time by the bark of a wandering dog or the howl of a jackal in the wilderness.

"A very pleasant night—to talk about Caleb," reflected Marcus, who had reached the appointed spot ten minutes before the time, as he strolled from the narrow belt of trees that were planted along the high outer wall into the more open part of the garden. Had Marcus chanced to notice that this same Caleb, walking softly as a cat, and

keeping with great care in the shadow, had followed him through the little door which he forgot to lock, and was now hidden among those very trees, he might have remembered a proverb to the effect that snakes hide in the greenest grass and the prettiest flowers have thorny stems. But he thought of no such thing, who was lost in happy anticipations of a moonlight interview with a lovely and cultured young lady, whose image, to speak truth, had taken so deep a hold upon his fancy, that sometimes he wondered how he would be able to banish it thence again. At present he could think of no better means than that which at this moment he was following with such delight. Meetings in moonlit gardens tend proverbially to disengagement.

Presently Marcus caught the gleam of a white robe followed by a dark one, flitting towards him through the dim and dewy garden, and at the sight his heart stood still, then began to beat again in a disorderly fashion. Had he known it, another heard a few yards behind him also stood still, and then began to beat like that of a man in a violent rage. It seems possible, also, that a third heart experienced unusual sensations.

"I wish she had left the old lady behind," muttered Marcus. "No, I don't, for then there are brutes who, if they knew, might blame her," and, luckily for himself, he walked forward a few paces to meet the white robe, leaving the little belt of trees almost out of his view.

Now Miriam stood before him, the moonlight shining on her delicate face and in her tranquil eyes, which always reminded him of the blue depths of heaven.

"Sir," she began—

"Oh! I pray you," he broke in, "cease from ceremony and call me Marcus."

"Captain Marcus," she repeated, dwelling a little on the unfamiliar name, "I pray that you will forgive me for disturbing you at so unseasonable an hour."

"Certainly, I forgive you, Lady Miriam," he replied, also dwelling on her name and copying her accent in a fashion that made the grim-faced Nehushta smile.

She waved her slender hand in deprecation. "The truth is, that this matter of Caleb's—"

"Oh! may all the infernal gods take Caleb, as I have reason to believe they shortly will," broke in Marcus angrily.

"But that is just what I wish to prevent; we have met here to talk of Caleb."

"Well, if you must—talk and let us be done with him. What about Caleb?"

Miriam clasped her hands. "What do you know of him, Captain Marcus?"

"Know? Why, just this; a spy I have in my troop has found out a country fellow who was hunting for mushrooms or something. I forget what, in a gully a mile away, and saw this interesting youth hide himself there and shoot that Jewish plunderer with a bow and arrow. More—he has found another man who saw the said Caleb an hour or two before help himself to an arrow out of one of the Jew's quivers, which arrow appears to be identical with, or, at any rate, similar, to that which was found in the fellow's gutlet. Therefore, it seems that Caleb is guilty, and that it will be my duty to-morrow to place him under arrest, and in due course to convey him to Jerusalem, where the priests will attend to his little business. Now, Lady Miriam, is your curiosity satisfied about Caleb?"

"Oh!" she said, "it cannot be, it must not be. The man had struck him and he did but return a blow for a blow."

"An arrow for a blow, you mean; the point of a spear for the push of its handle. But, Lady Miriam, you seem to be very deep in the confidence of Caleb. How do you come to know all this?"

"I don't know, I only guess. I daresay—nay, I am sure—that Caleb is quite innocent."

"Why do you take such an interest in Caleb?" asked Marcus suspiciously.

"Because he was my friend and playmate from childhood."

"Umph," he answered, "a strange couple, a dove and a raven. Well, I am glad that you did not catch his temper, or you would be more dangerous even than you are. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to spare Caleb. You, you, you—need not believe those witnesses."

"To think of it!" said Marcus, in mock horror. "To think that one whom I thought so good can prove so immoral. Do you then wish to tempt me from my duty?"

"Yes, I suppose so. At least the peasants round here are great liars."

"Lady," said Marcus, with stern conviction, "Caleb has improved upon his opportunities as a playmate; he has been making love to you. I thought so from the first."

"Oh," she answered, "how can you know that? Besides, he promised that he would never do it again."

"How can I know that? Why, because Caleb would have been a bigger fool than I take him for if he had not. And if it rested with me, certainly he never would do it again. Now be honest with me, if a woman can on such a matter, and tell me true, are you in love with this Caleb?"

"I—I? In love with Caleb? Of course not. If you do not believe me, ask Nehushta."

"Thank you, I will be content with your own reply. You deny that you are in love with him, and I incline to believe you; but, on the other hand, I remember that you would naturally say this, since you might think that any other answer would prejudice the cause of Caleb with me."

"With you! What can it matter to you, sir, whether or no I am in love with Caleb, whom, to tell you the truth, frightens me?"

"And that I suppose is why you plead so hard for him?"

"No," she answered with a sudden sternness; "I plead hard for him as in like case I would plead hard for you—because he has been my friend, and if he did this deed he was provoked to it."

"Well spoken," said Marcus, gazing at her steadily. Indeed, she was worth looking at as she stood there before him, her hands clasped, her breast heaving, her sweet, pale face flushed with emotion and her lovely eyes aswim with tears. Of a sudden as he gazed Marcus lost control of himself. Passion for this maiden

and bitter jealousy of Caleb arose like twin giants in his heart and possessed him.

"You say you are not in love with Caleb," he said. "Well, kiss me and I will believe you."

"How could such a thing prove my words?" she asked indignantly.

"I do not know and I do not care. Kiss me once and I will believe further that the peasants of these parts are all liars. I feel myself beginning to believe it."

"And if I will not?"

"Then I am afraid I must refer the matter to a competent tribunal at Jerusalem."

"Nehushta, Nehushta, you have heard. What shall I do?"

"What shall you do?" said Nehushta drily. "Well, if you like to give the noble Marcus a kiss, I shall not blame you overmuch or tell on you. But, if you do not wish it, then I think you would be a fool to put yourself to shame to save Caleb."

"Yet, I will do it—and to save Caleb," said Miriam with a sob, and she bent towards him.

To her surprise he drew back, placing his hand before his face.

"Forgive me," he said. "I was a brute who wished to buy kisses in such a fashion. I forgot myself. Your beauty is to blame, and your sweetness and everything that is yours. I pray," he added humbly, "that you will not think the worse of me since we men are frail at times. And now, because you ask me, though I have it right, I grant your prayer. Mayhap those witnesses lied; at least, the man's sin, if sin there be, can be excused. He has brought it to me."

"No," broke in Nehushta; "but I think you have much to fear from him, and I am sorry for that, my lord Marcus, for you have a noble heart."

"It may be so, the future is on the knees of the gods, and that which is fated will befall. My Lady Miriam, I, your humble servant and friend, wish you farewell."

"Farewell," she answered. "Yes, Nehushta is right, you have a noble heart," and she looked at him in such a fashion that it flashed across his mind that were he to proffer that request of him again, it might not be refused. But he would not do it. He had tasted of the joy of self-conquest who hitherto, after the manner of his age and race, had denied himself little, and, as it seemed to him, a strange new power was stirring in his heart—something purer, higher, nobler, than he had known before. He would cherish it a while.

Of all that were spoken there in the garden, Caleb, the watcher, could catch no word. The speakers did not raise their voices and they stood at a distance, so that although he craned his head forward as far as he dared in the shadow of the trees, sharp and trained as they were, naught save a confused murmur reached his ears. But if these failed him, his eyes fed full so that he lost no move or gesture. It was a passionate love scene, this was clear, for Nehushta stood at a little distance with her back turned, while the pair poured out their sweet speeches to each other. Then, at length, as he had expected, came the climax. Yes, oh! shameless woman—they were embracing. A mist fell upon Caleb's eyes in which lights flashed like red-hot swords lifting and smiting, the blood drummed in his ears as though his raging, jealous heart would burst. He would kill that Roman now on the spot. Miriam should never kiss him more—alive.

Already Caleb had drawn the short sword from its hiding-place in his ample robe; already he had stepped out from the shadow of the trees, when of a sudden his reason righted itself like a ship that has been laid over by a furious squall, and caution came back to him. If he did this that faithless guardian, Nehushta, who without doubt had been bought with Roman gold, would come to the assistance of her patron and thrust her dagger through his back, as she well could do. Or should he escape that danger, one or other of them would raise the Essenes on him, and he would be given over to justice. He wished to slay, not to be slain. It would be sweet to kill the Roman, but if he himself was laid dead across his body, leaving Miriam alive to pass to some other man, what would he be advantaged? Presently they must cease from their endearments; presently his enemy would return as he had come, and then he might find his chance. He would wait. He would wait.

Look, they had parted, Miriam was gliding back to the house, and Marcus came towards him, walking like a man in his sleep. Only Nehushta stood where she was, her eyes fixed upon the ground as though she were reasoning with herself. Still like a man in a dream, Marcus passed him within touch of his outstretched hand. Caleb followed. Marcus opened the door, went out of it and pulled it to behind him. Caleb caught it in his hand, slipped through and closed it. A few paces down the wall, eight or ten perhaps, was another door, by which Marcus entered the garden of the guest-house. As he turned to shut this Caleb pushed in after him and they were face to face.

"Who are you?" asked the Roman, springing back.

Caleb, who by now was cool enough, closed the door and shot the bolt. Then he answered, "Caleb, the son of Hilliel, who wishes a word with you."

"Ah!" said Marcus, "the very man, and, as usual, unless the light deceives me, in an evil humour. Well, Caleb, the son of Hilliel, what is your business with me?"

"One of life and death, Marcus the son of Emilius," he answered, in such a tone that the Roman drew his sword and stood watching him.

"Be plain and brief, young man," he said.

"I will be both plain and brief. I love that lady from whom you have just parted, and you also love, or pretend to love, her. Nay, deny it not, I have seen all, even to your kisses. Well, she cannot belong to both of us, and I intend that in some future day she shall belong to me if arm and eye do not fail me now. Therefore, one of us must die to-night."

Marcus stepped back, overcome not with fear but with astonishment.

"Insolent," he said, "you lie! There were no kisses, and our talk was of your neck, which I gave to her because she asked it, and which is forfeit for the murder of the Jew."

"Indeed," sneered Caleb. "Now, who would have thought that

the noble Captain Marcus would shelter himself thus behind a woman's robe? For the rest my life is my own and no others to give or to receive. Guard yourself, Roman, since I would kill you in fair fight. Had I another mind you would be dead by now, never knowing the hand that struck you. Have no fear; I am your equal, for my forefathers were nobles when yours were savages."

"Boy, are you mad?" asked Marcus, "to think that I who have fought in three wars can fear a beardless youth, however fierce? Why, if I feared you I have but to blow upon this whistle and my guards would hale you hence to a felon's death. For your own sake it is that I pray you to consider. Setting aside my rank and yours, I will fight you if you will, and now. Yet think. If I kill you there is an end, and if by chance you should kill me, you will be hunted down as a double murderer. As it is, I forgive you, because I know how bitter is the jealousy of youth, and because you struck no assassin's blow when you might have done so safely. Therefore, I say, go in peace, knowing that I shall not break my word."

"Cease talking," said Caleb, "and come out into the moonlight."

"I am glad that is your wish," replied Marcus. "Having done all I can to save you, I will add that I think you a dangerous cub, of whom the world, the lady Miriam and I alike will be well rid. Now, what weapons have you? A short sword and no mail? Well, so have I. In this we are well matched. Stay, I have a steel-lined cap, and you have none. There it goes to make our chances equal. Wind your cloak about your left arm as I do. I have known worse shields. Good foothold, but an uncertain light. Now, go!"

Caleb needed no encouragement. For one second they stood facing each other, very types of the Eastern and Western world; the Roman—sturdy, honest-eyed, watchful and fearless, his head thrown back, his feet apart, his shield arm forward, his sword hand pressed to his side from which the steel projected. Over against him was the Jew, crouched like a tiger about to spring, his eyes half closed as though to concentrate the light, his face working with rage, and every muscle quivering till his whole flesh seemed to move upon his bones, like to that of a snake. Suddenly, uttering a low cry, he sprang, and with that savage onslaught the fight began and ended.

Marcus was ready; moreover, he knew what he would do. As the man came, stepping swiftly to one side, he caught the thrust of his sword in the folded cloak, and since he did not wish to kill him, struck at his hand. The blow fell upon Caleb's first finger and severed it, cutting the others also, so that it dropped to the ground with the sword that they had held. Marcus put his foot upon the blade, and wheeled round.

"Young man," he said sternly, "you have learnt your lesson and will bear the mark of it till your death day. Now begone."

The wretched Caleb ground his teeth. "It was to the death!" he said, "it was to the death! You have conquered, kill me," and with his bloody hand he tore open his robe to make a path for the sword.

"Leave such talk to play-actors," answered Marcus. "Begone, and be sure of this, that if ever you try to bring treachery on me, or trouble on the lady Miriam, I will kill you sure enough."

Then with a sound that was half curse and half sob, Caleb turned and slunk away. With a shrug of the shoulder Marcus also turned to go, when he felt a shadow fall upon him, and swung round, to find Nehushta at his side.



The skirt is composed of two deep flounces over the upper one falls the long basque of the jacket. The flounces are edged with a narrow brocaded black braid. The jacket opens slightly in front to show a pretty jabot of white chiffon. The turned-back sides of the jacket are ornamented with a passementerie trimming of chenille in blue and white. The turnover collar and wide deep cuffs are of white cloth with edges of black velvet, embroidered in an effective raised design in red, blue, and gold threads. A black tulip hat with ostrich feather is worn with this costume. From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A WALKING DRESS

"And pray where did you come from, my Libyan friend?" he asked.

"Out of that pomegranate fence, my Roman lord, whence I have seen and heard all that passed."

"Indeed. Then I hope that you give me credit for good sword-play and good temper."

"The sword-play was well enough, though nothing to boast of with such a madman for a foe. As for the temper, it was that of a fool."

"Such," soliloquised Marcus, "is the reward of virtue. But I am curious. Why?"

"Because, my lord Marcus, this Caleb will grow into the most dangerous man in Judea, and to none more dangerous than to my lady Miriam and yourself. You should have killed him while you had the chance, before his turn comes to kill you."

"Perhaps," answered Marcus with a yawn; "but, friend Nehushta, I have been associating with a Christian and have caught something of her doctrines. That seems a fine sword. You had better keep it. Good-night."

(To be continued)

Lord George Hamilton

THE present Secretary of State for India is a politician on whom fortune has almost always smiled. The plums of Ministerial appointments have dropped into his lap without any apparent exertion by himself. He seems to have been born to high office. He entered Parliament when he was only twenty-three, and he became Under-Secretary for India when he was still under thirty. After a few years in that office he was promoted to the Vice-Presidency of the Council, a post which carries with it the duty of superintending the elementary education of the country. From the Education Department Lord George passed to the Admiralty, and was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1885 to 1892. It was during this period that the cry of the Needs of the Navy first became popular, and Lord George, as head of the Admiralty, was called upon by public opinion to initiate a new departure in naval expenditure. The great popular awakening to the importance of the Navy happily outlasted the burst of enthusiasm at the end of the eighties, and when the Tories came back to power in 1895, Mr. Goschen, as one of the strongest men in the cabinet, went to the Admiralty, and Lord George Hamilton found a relatively easy berth at the India Office as Secretary of State. He has held the post ever since. As a Minister, Lord George displays a happy knack of mastering the points with which he is called upon to deal, and explaining them clearly to the House of Commons. As a speaker he has a pleasant, easy style, that tends to disarm opposition. He is further fortunate in the possession of a remarkably youthful appearance, and this, indeed, is in evidence in Mr. Seymour Lucas's portrait, which forms our special supplement. By birth he is a member of the wide-spreading Abercorn family, being the third son of the first Duke. He is married to a daughter of the third Earl of Harewood.



Afternoon Costume in a delicate shade of red with lighter red spots. The bodice has very full sleeves and a small collar, and a handsome cord forming a girdle. From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

AFTERNOON COSTUME

The Court

STEADILY progressing towards recovery, the King continues his quiet life on board the *Victoria and Albert* off Cowes. His Majesty is no longer confined to his couch, as he can move himself about in a new invalid chair, so constructed that the Royal occupant may be lifted to any position. But even now the King must only walk a few steps. His general health is good, and he is fast regaining strength. By the end of last week he was thought well enough to bear a short cruise, so the Royal yacht went round the Isle of Wight, much to the King's enjoyment. Scarcely had the yacht returned to her moorings before a gale sprang up, but happily the vessel lies in a very sheltered position, and the rough weather was very little felt, although it prevented the King from being out on deck during part of Saturday. That day, too, was marked as the date of the first official ceremony in which the King has taken part since his illness—a Privy Council. Several Ministers came down for the meeting, when the King signed the two Proclamations fixing the Coronation for August 9th, and making that day a Bank Holiday. On Sunday, Divine Service was performed on deck before their Majesties and the Royal Family, the Bishop of Winchester officiating and preaching. Visitors come and go frequently, while the Prince of Wales and the Marquis de Soveral have prolonged their stay with the King. Queen Alexandra is often cruising in a steam launch, and this week she has been several times to Osborne House. Her Majesty generally drives in a pair-horse wagonette with outriders, while her two daughters, with the Prince of Wales and Prince Charles, cycle close behind. The Royal cycling quartette come ashore to ride nearly every afternoon.

THE CORONATION

If all goes on as well as at present the King and Queen will come to town next Thursday or Friday. It is expected that His Majesty will be equal to driving in his usual open carriage, but the ambulance carriage is to be ready in case the journey tires him very much. Probably the route will be thickly sanded to prevent vibration, and even now it may be slightly shortened if necessary. In the Service, besides the Litany and sermon being omitted, the presentation of the King to the people will only be made once instead of on the four sides, while the Te Deum will close the Service. Should the doctors think it advisable at the last moment, the King might enter the Abbey through the Deanery and even join the procession at the choir-screen to avoid the long walk from the annexe. Otherwise, the original programme is intact, and Lord Esher has been on the Royal yacht to make the final arrangements with His Majesty. After the Coronation the King is to spend a quiet Sunday at Buckingham Palace and rejoin his yacht on the Monday. The idea of inspecting the Indian troops in the Palace grounds has been given up as too fatiguing for the King, especially as they will see His Majesty on Coronation Day. The Queen, however, has a public engagement before rejoining the yacht, as Her Majesty has promised to distribute medals to the staff of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals in South Africa, the ceremony taking place in Devonshire House gardens at four p.m. on the 11th. Their Majesties will stay the rest of the week quietly on the yacht off Cowes, and the latest plan for the Naval Review is for the Royal yacht to anchor in Sandown Bay on Monday, August 18, when the Fleet would pass before His Majesty. On his way to the Coronation the King will pass through some of the Fleet and receive a Royal salute.



Evening Dress of white Chantilly lace over straw-coloured satin. Jewels are sprinkled over the lace, and flowers ornament the bodice. Elbow sleeves. From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A DINNER DRESS



"HOME FROM THE WAR"
From a Photograph by William McLean



This view of the Windward district of the island shows a part of the country where once was level land devoted to cane cultivation and gives a very good idea of the fearful devastation wrought. The photograph was taken by J. C. Wilson, St. Vincent

ST. VINCENT AFTER THE ERUPTION



A STUDY IN CHILD LIFE

From a Photograph by Laddie Charles, Titchfield Road, Regent's Park

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTIE.

BY E. ASHBY-STERRY

IT is a great satisfaction to me to think that at last public attention has been thoroughly aroused with regard to the danger and inconvenience of the hansom cab. Mr. Chamberlain's serious accident and the unfortunate mishap to the Marquis of Bristol of a somewhat similar nature will, I trust, lead to extensive reforms in the construction of these vehicles. For many years past in this column have I dilated upon the grievances which riders in hansom cabs have to endure, and I do not speak without considerable knowledge of the subject. I have on various occasions been in one of these vehicles when the horse has fallen down, with very uncomfortable results. I have had unpleasant experiences when a wheel has suddenly come off, and my ride on one dark night came to an almost tragic termination by a violent collision with another hansom coming in the opposite direction. Both horses went down, two pair of shafts were broken off short, and the drivers, cushions, lamps, broken glass, and impressive language seemed to be generally

distributed about the roadway. These are only a few of the perils I have experienced in travelling in these clattering two-wheelers. One is puzzled to know why so many of them are licensed for London. There are probably four times as many hansom cabs as four-wheelers, whereas the latter are far more convenient and infinitely safer.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that the general idea is that the Campanile in Venice will be rebuilt. If it is once established that the foundations are sufficiently good, or can be made so, the rebuilding will probably be commenced as soon as the shattered remains of the old tower are cleared away. The expense of the undertaking need hardly be considered, as it will probably be subscribed without any difficulty. In Italy the enthusiasm seems to be very great on the subject, and it is certainly likely to have a universal echo. If everyone to whom the glorious City of the Sea has given delight would only subscribe their guinea, the question of cost in restoring this notable feature in Venice need not for a moment cause the least anxiety. I can recall in connection with this matter a picture I once painted of the Campanile. It was in what I was pleased to call an "entertainment"—I heard afterwards that some of the audience looked at it in a different

light—that I gave at various country towns years ago. This picture, I remember, was a wondrous moonlight view of large size done in tempera, with what is called, at the theatre, a "practicable" moon, illuminated from the back. This was also done with the row of gas lamps along the quay and a lamp-lit gondola, with a red curtain, in the foreground. This bit of realism was very popular, and always used to bring down the house. One night, however, my assistant forgot to light up the moon, and then there was trouble. All these associations, and the recollection of many delightful days passed in Venice, would cause me to gladly subscribe to the Campanile Fund.

London, with all its noise and bustle, with all its crowds and traffic, has hitherto been tolerably quiet between twelve and four at night. But now it seems we are to be robbed even of that brief four hours of repose. In my quarter of the town, at the present time, my rest is seriously disturbed by a steam water-cart that arrives about half-past twelve and clatters up and down the street. It snorts, it puffs, it scroops, it grunts, and it makes itself generally offensive and noisy. It awakes those who retire early, and doesn't allow those who go to bed later to get to sleep. Can nothing be done to get rid of this terrible nuisance? The whole scheme appears to me to be hopelessly idiotic. In the first

place, the idea of watering streets at night seems to be silly, for, when we want to use them in the morning, they have become perfectly dry. In the second place, when the streets are quite clear at night-time one would imagine that the old-fashioned, horse-drawn water-cart would do the work equally well. If there is not energetic protest made against this unnecessary nuisance it will go on increasing. We shall have these noisy water-carts all over London, and, in that case, the unfortunate inhabitants might as well attempt to sleep in a popular railway station at its busiest time.

There has recently been a vigorous correspondence in the *Free Lance* with regard to the originator of the title, "the gondola of London," as applied to the hansom cab. Some ascribe it to Lord Beaconsfield, others attribute it to George Augustus Sala. As a matter of fact it belongs to neither. I can speak with tolerable certainty on this point, because the subject was debated in this column nine years ago, and the controversy elicited the fact that the inventor was Mr. H. Schütz Wilson. In his novel called "The Three Paths" may be read these words:—"I was in a swift-gliding hansom. By the way, hansom are the gondolas of London." This novel was published in 1859, by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett; therefore, it was long before a somewhat similar title appeared in "Lothair." I am inclined to think that George Augustus Sala, in an article on Venice, which appeared in *All the Year Round*, once called the hansom "the gondola of Venice."

Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THEIR is no more curious crowd in the world than the crowd of Paris. It is the infinity of its moods and tenses which make the functions of the Prefect of Police of the French capital so difficult. He requires continually to have his finger on the pulse of the city and to take the measures required by its state. Sometimes a popular demonstration is mere exuberance, a desire to *embitter le Gouvernement*; at other times it may be really due to deep-seated feeling, which, if not kept well in hand, might lead to revolution. It is for the Prefect to decide on the seriousness of the situation and take his measures accordingly.

The conduct of the police accordingly goes from good-natured persuasion to savage brutality. When the sabres come out and fists and feet are used the Paris policeman is a man to avoid, as he spares neither sex nor age. This is why the *sergent de ville* is detested by the Parisians. The long-suffering patience of the London policeman is unknown. Tolerance of anything like the right of public meeting is foreign to the French character. The moment a popular gathering is announced the Central Brigades (a special force kept in reserve in a barracks, who only appear when repressive measures are necessary) are brought out, reinforced by the cavalry of the Republican Guard and the infantry of that body. The strategic skill with which the forces at the disposition of the Prefect are handled is admirable. Every official of the force knows the topography of the city like the palm of his hand, so that the unorganised forces of the mob have no chance. The only element the police fear are the Socialists. Long practice in street disturbances have taught the latter to be as *rust* as Red Indians. Their leaders always go into the street with the rank and file and import something like system into their methods.

The Nationalists are nothing like so dangerous. Those who pull the strings of that party are members of the aristocratic party, who content themselves with leaving the leading of their forces to paid agitators, men like Jules Guérin and other unscrupulous individuals, who generally end by getting into the pay of the Prefecture and betraying those they serve. As I have said, the chief factor in the fashion in which order is maintained is the personal judgment of the Prefect of Police. It is the delicate nature of these functions which renders the position so difficult and accounts for the fact that Paris has had as many Prefects as it has had Ministries.

If the mob is allowed to get out of hand, the Government dismisses him; if his men act with an excess of brutality, the Municipal Council can render his position untenable. M. Lépine has, perhaps, been the most successful Paris has seen. A quick, active, energetic little man, who knows the Parisian *comme ça*, as they themselves would say. It did not take him long to see that the agitation of the last ten days was purely artificial and little dangerous. At bottom, the Parisian cares nothing for the rights and wrongs of the Religious Orders, and he has no intention of making the acquaintance of the sabres of M. Lépine's men for the *belles daves* of the Faubourg St. Germain or the followers of the Duc d'Orléans.

The Prefect's tactics have, therefore, been extremely simple. Every time the Clericals have announced a public demonstration he looked on while the Socialists organised a counter demonstration, mobilised his force and gave orders that they were only to interfere when the two parties actually came to blows, when the *sergents de ville* administered correction with fist and boot with admirable impartiality. His men barred the streets leading to the Elysée and the Ministry of the Interior, and allowed no one to pass under any pretext. As M. Murat, one of his subordinates observed to me last Sunday, "My streets are 'padlocked.' They could no more get to the Elysée than they could go through a stone wall." The impotence to which those tactics has reduced the Clericals is rapidly rendering them ridiculous, and in Paris ridicule kills.

Besides, in M. Combes, the Clericals have met with a man who, if not a great statesman, has at least a tenacity which amounts to obstinacy and a force of character which makes him assume full responsibility for his acts. The present action of the Ministry is undoubtedly illiberal and arbitrary to a degree. It can only be justified by the untiring hostility of the Religious Orders to the Republic. It is curious how like a soldier the Premier is. The white moustache and imperial and the look of energetic resolution make him seem more qualified to command a division than lead a debate.

Club Comments

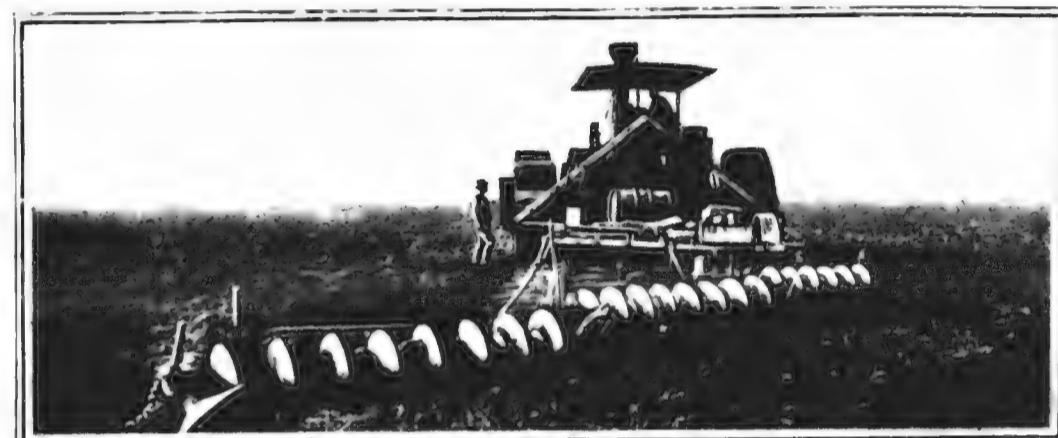
BY "MARMADUKE"

IT has been said of books that a continuation is seldom as good as the original. It is to be feared that the principle will apply to a Coronation—that the postponed pageant will not be as brilliant as would have been the one which was prepared first. In the procession, in the streets and in the Abbey, the postponement will be answerable for many changes. Many Royal and other specially appointed representatives will be missing. The streets may be crowded, but the houses will not be crowded with sightseers from the area to the tiles—for the good reason that most of the scaffolding have been removed; and a large number of prominent men and women will be absent from the Abbey. The last circumstance is causing much trouble to the authorities, for they find it difficult to fill seats as they should be filled. The peerage in Great Britain is becoming poor, as poverty has overtaken the titled families in some foreign countries, and many cannot afford the extra expense which attending the postponed Coronation would entail.

South Africa is to be a serious rival to the South of France next winter. When war broke out, nearly three years ago, it being believed that the British troops would walk easily and rapidly to Pretoria, the fortune-hunters hurried to Cape Town, and for some

months waited there to proceed to the new colonies. They wasted their time and money on that occasion, but now they are preparing again to make a descent on Johannesburg. As many in the United States, in the British colonies other than the two recently annexed and in foreign countries, are about to travel to the same goal Johannesburg should be well filled and busy in the winter.

"Naval Reserve" is a phrase which is familiar to all who read the newspapers. Two meanings can be attached to it. For some years—since the war riveted public attention on the Army—many scandals or regrettable incidents connected with it have come to light. How is it that the Navy so seldom provides incidents of the kind? Is it that they infrequently occur? Or that "Naval Reserve"—in its distorted sense—hides them from the public? If the Navy is the better Service, the authorities should discover the causes which make the Army inferior to it. A naval officer is fixed to his ship, and his whole interest is centred on the little floating world it contains. Most Army men look upon their regimental duties as inconveniences and annoyances inseparable from their profession, and welcome any opportunity which enables them to turn their attention in another direction. Of course the naval officer has the advantage in this respect of being isolated from the distractions of the outer world. Still the German military man does not regard his professional duties with the same disinterest as many an English officer. It is the spirit as much as the system which requires to be remodelled in the British Army.



WHOLESALE FARM CULTIVATION WITH THE AID OF THE TRACTION ENGINE



THE TRACTION ENGINE'S WORK IN THE CITY : A SIXTY HORSE-POWER MACHINE PULLING FORTY-FIVE TONS OF WIRE CABLE



HOUSE-MOVING WITH THE AID OF TRACTION ENGINES

The East has gone in for speed in its automobiles; the West is giving its attention to power and utility. Traction engines of fifty horse-power and upward are now in use on many large farms in the United States, and are coming into play in the heavy work of the cities. Our illustrations show the varying uses to which these mammoths are put, and in which they take the place of two score horses at much less cost, ease.

GIANTS AMONG AUTOMOBILES



DRAWN BY H. W. EAST

FROM A SKETCH BY PAUL DESTEZ

COUNTER DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE SOCIALISTS AND ROMAN CATHOLICS BEING DISPERSED BY THE POLICE AND MILITARY IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.
THE RIOTS IN PARIS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CLOSING OF THE SCHOOLS CONTROLLED BY NUNS





Ordinary offences and requests are settled by the commander of the ship, but serious offences and special requests are dealt with by the captain. The Naval Police march the men on to the pierhead and stand by to hold a full or incomplete court-martial.



— LIGHT REFRESHMENT.—
(MEAL & MILK)

HEAD GEAR

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110

The whole ship is given over to loading—the spotless quayside becoming about as grimy as a stockade. Five and a half thousand tons of coal are taken aboard, and is rushed by trolley or pulley to the bunkers at an average rate of 10 tons an hour.

YOUNG DAWNS 1

הנִזְקָנָה



MERCURY



APOLLO



MINERVA



PEACE

THE BRONZE STATUES IN THE DESTROYED LOGGETTA OF SANSOVINO

From Photographs by Naya, Venice

The Fall of St. Mark's Bell-Tower in Venice

By PROFESSOR MOLMENTI
(President of the Royal Academy of Arts, Venice)

THE marvellous beauty of Venice has suffered a terrible disaster! It is impossible to imagine the Basilica of Gold and the world-famous Square without the austere and majestic tower which rose high above the city, as if to protect it, and which foreshadowed to travellers, while yet far off, the artistic glories of the Pearl of the Adriatic.

No city in the world has so wonderful an appearance as Venice when viewed from the island of St. George. From the first palaces on the Grand Canal to the extreme point of the Public Gardens, together with the Royal



AN ALTO RELIEF FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE LOGGETTA

From a Photograph by Mrs. Alex. Robertson, Venice

Garden, the Piazzetta, the Doges' Palace and the prisons, with the magnificent curve of the Riva degli Schiavoni, resplendent with colour, the eye embraces a bewildering panorama. And above all these buildings the stately tower rose like a sovereign; so

that Venice resembled an immens ship, with her mainmast erect between heaven and earth, launched in the ocean of poesy.

The tower was, according to some writers, begun in 888, according to others in 911, carried to the height of 197 feet and finished, under Doge Domenico Marosini, 1148-1156; it subsequently was increased in height, and further embellished, and was made use of not only by the Church but also by the Government, since the bells served both to call the faithful to the religious functions, and to convoke the magistrates and civic corporations.

The belfry was destroyed by fire in 1489, but was renovated by George Spavento. Later on, in 1513, the belfry was rebuilt by Bartholomew Buono, and its summit terminated in a pyramid surmounted by an angel carved in wood, covered with copper sheathing and gilt, over 18 feet in height, and turning on a pivot according to the wind. The height of the tower itself was 323 feet.

At the base of the tower—a delicate jewel at the feet of the giant—and fronting the church, stood the Loggetta del Sansovino, a little edifice of unsurpassed beauty, with a small terrace before it enclosed by a marble balustrade and an exquisite little folding bronze gate, cast by Anthony Gai in 1750. The elevation was adorned with composite columns, and in the intermediate niches were four bronze statues representing Minerva, Apollo, Mercury, and Peace, modelled by Sansovino himself.

The Loggetta served at first as an Assembly Room for the patricians; in 1569 it was assigned to the Procurator on duty as commandant of the guard in the Ducal Palace during the sitting of the Supreme Council. In our days it had become the office where the numbers of the public lottery were drawn every Saturday.

But that mute witness of so many centuries of glorious history has now disappeared, those treasures of art are destroyed! It would be some consolation if old age had been the only cause of the catastrophe, but it seems that the disaster must be ascribed to human negligence. It is true that the material used in the construction of the tower was of very inferior quality, and the action of the weather had reduced it to a deplorable state, so that if adequate repairs had not been executed, the venerable building must have inevitably perished. But instead of taking energetic measures to strengthen the old patient, his would-be physicians most imprudently weakened him.

Sansovino's Loggetta was built, pent-house fashion, against the tower, down which the rain naturally trickled on to the roof. In order to prevent this a coping-stone had been let into the tower. This coping-stone had become so corroded by the atmosphere as to be no longer impenetrable to moisture, and it was decided to replace it with a new one, and the work was commenced on Monday, the 7th ult.

Here the error was committed of extracting the old stone in its entirety instead of taking it out and replacing it piece by piece. It so happened that, in 1745, a thunderbolt had struck the tower precisely at that point and opened a fissure which was filled up and covered with a new coating of bricks, but this new work was not well bound into the old, and when the recent fatal incision was made, the old wall was found to be in a crumbling state, without the least cohesion; the fissure then re-opened, and vain were the efforts to close it with bricks and cement: it seemed to be closed, but immediately afterwards it again appeared, and, creating some alarm among the spectators, gradually widened during the next four days. The architects did not fail to take such precautionary measures as they deemed were required, but excluded all idea of the possibility of the fall of the edifice. It is possible that if too much faith had not been placed in this opinion of the experts the bronzes and statues of the Loggetta might have been saved.

On the morning of Monday, July 11, when it had been decided to lash the colossus with iron cross-pieces and wire cables, an architect who had ascended the tower noticed that the cleft was making rapid progress, but all hope of saving the building was not yet lost, and at 9 a.m. the workmen had already placed their ladders against it when bricks and rubbish began to fall from above. The catastrophe was seen to be imminent, and a curious, anxious crowd began to assemble around. A cry of alarm was heard, and the onlookers hastily removed to a safer distance, where they remained like spectators at a funeral.

It was then about a quarter to ten. The rent was seen to open frightfully, the wall fronting the Basilica bellied out, the pyramidal summit oscillated, the sound of a mighty crash was heard, the earth

shook, an immense cloud of dust rose—the tower was no more! It had telescoped into a great heap of ruins, a species of Primrose Hill on a small scale.



THE RUINS OF THE BELL-TOWER AND THE UPROOTED STONE OF EDICT ROUND THE COLUMNS OF ST. MARK'S

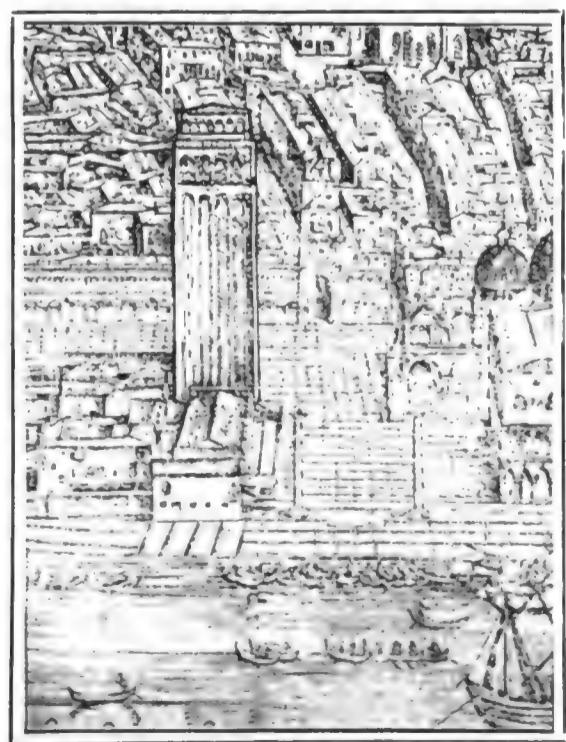
From a Photograph by Mrs. Alex. Robertson, Venice

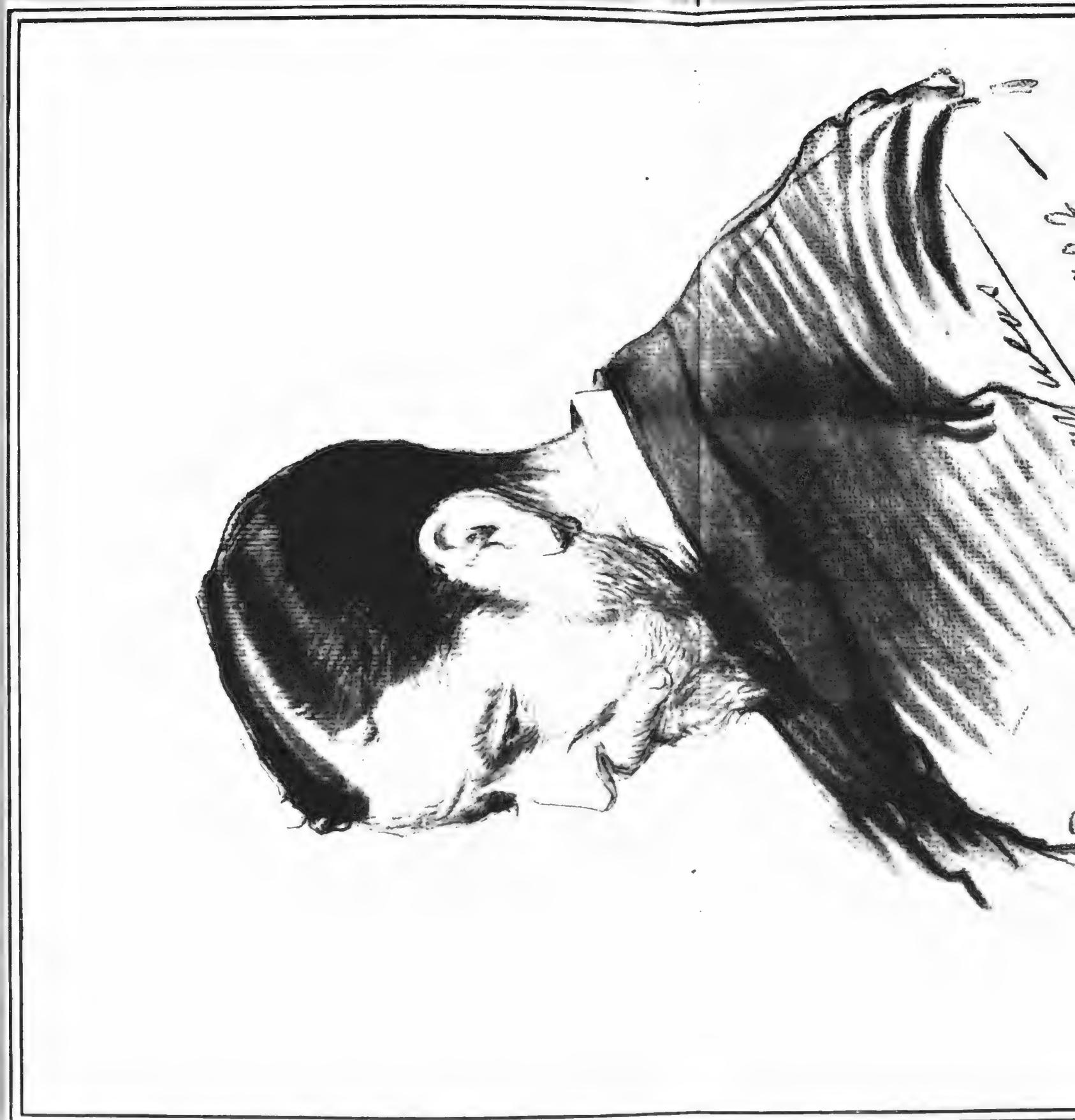
Nor is this all. Sansovino's exquisite Loggetta was completely crushed and buried under the fallen mass; and the corner of Cardinal Bessarion's Library, another masterpiece of Sansovino's,



THE CAMPANILE WITH THE ADDED CUPOLA AND ANGEL

From a Map dated 1534 by Nicolo dal Cortino

THE CAMPANILE, FROM THE PAINTING OF VENICE IN 1500
Some time attributed to Albert Durer, but now said to be by Jacopo da Barbari





THE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE FRANCIS HAMILTON, M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA
DRAWN FOR "THE GRAVE" AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY STEPHEN LOZIER, R.A.



Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, the King's youngest daughter, was born on November 20, 1869, and married, July 22, 1890, Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. Our photograph is by W. and D. Downey

PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK
The Latest Portrait

declared by Palladio to be the richest and most ornate edifice built since ancient times, was also considerably damaged.

Considering what might have happened, we must admit that the mischief done, although serious enough, could easily have been enormously greater. Had one of those falling masses struck the columns of the almost contiguous Basilica, the matchless Church of Gold, it also must have shared the fate of the fallen colossus, but it has miraculously escaped all damage, as has also the neighbouring Palace of the Doges.

The people of Venice, who venerated their tower, under whose shadow they were born, in the midst of their bereavement, note with pride that the beloved monument had sunk down on itself, considerably sparing not only the neighbouring edifices, but also the lives of its fellow-citizens, as, in fact, no human victim has to be deplored.

In Venice, in Italy, throughout the entire world, one desire is now being expressed, viz., that the noble pile be again raised on the same spot where for so many centuries it witnessed the unfolding of the history of the greatest people of the Middle Ages, and public contributions already amount to a considerable sum.

It is true that an adverse opinion has made itself heard. Some few voices are contrary to the rebuilding of the tower, which, according to them, would result in a species of counterfeit; others, more injudiciously still, maintain that the appearance of the square is immensely improved by the disappearance of the tower, which, they say, was an encumbrance that obstructed the view of the Ducal Palace, and especially of the Porta della Carta. They are not adverse to its being rebuilt, but would place it, together with the Loggetta—the remains of which are being carefully excavated—in the Piazzetta dei Leoncini, on the site of the ugly white building erected in 1837, and which serves as the Patriarch's residence.

But in order to preserve the traditional profile and the classical aspect of the panorama of Venice—especially as seen from the Lagoon—the tower must be rebuilt on its old spot. Moreover, it is not true that the view of the Basilica is improved by the disappearance of the tower. On the contrary, it seems ungracefully thrust over towards the Torre dell' Orologio, to the left of the spectator. In fact, the tower, together with the buildings that formerly stood to the right and left before it, constituted the necessary cornice or frame for the church, which rose exactly in the centre, on the axis of the square, as represented in its juvenile aspect in the picture by Gentile Bellini, painted in 1496.

When, in 1582, it was decided to widen the square, and the buildings on its right side were consequently demolished, and the Procuratie Nuove were built by Scamozzi further back, the tower was isolated, but its majestic lines continued to produce, in the spectator's eye, the symmetrical illusion that the Basilica was still in its central position. The new tower must, therefore, rise on the ruins of the old one, and will there also serve to show posterity that the soul of Venice is unshaken, that she is never unmindful of her past, and continues confidently to look forward to the future.

With reference to two of our illustrations a correspondent points out that they "show the marvellous escape that the 'Golden Temple' had from irretrievable damage, since the corner 'boni larded' was that lovely flying buttress at the corner of the Atrium and the Baptistry. The 'Stone of Edie,' or *Pietra da Banda*, received the full shock, and was rooted up and cast three yards away, but it divided the torrent of stone and iron and bricks, which ran off on either side, and so St. Mark's was saved. The largest mass of stone coping of the bell loggia that came down stopped short of the corner of St. Mark's, exactly four inches from the corner column. Only one yard away was a huge block of the marble alto-relievo of Sansovino's Loggetta. Thus from the summit and the foot came danger to the church."

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE event of the week in the House of Commons has been the return of Mr. Chamberlain after long absence following on his accident in the hansom "safety" cab. His *rendezvous* taking place shortly after two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon was not marked by the enthusiasm of welcome that would have burst forth had he come in three hours later. The attendance, as is usual at Question time, was small, further access of depression being marked by the fact that the adjournment of the previous sitting had not taken place till three o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless the members present, including some of those on the Opposition side, got up a very respectable cheer as the Colonial Secretary, looking paler and thinner than his wont, walked in. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, whose natural geniality always shines on these occasions, warmly welcomed him. Mr. Chamberlain, evidently touched by this incident, made graceful and feeling reply.

The change that has come over party spirit in the House of Commons consequent on the termination of the war was plainly shown in the speech of the Leader of the Opposition. The vote under discussion was on account of the Colonial Office, and was recognised as opportunity for criticising its policy in South Africa. "C.B.'s" speech was wholly free from that raucous comment which marked earlier passages of arms across the Table whilst the war was still in progress. He confined himself to the recitation of a sort of shorter catechism, asking for elucidation on various miscellaneous points.

In Mr. Chamberlain's answers and review of South African affairs, the House, as a whole, discerned true statesmanship in the terms of reference to the gallant foeman, and in the painstaking plans matured, and already being carried out, for his re-settlement in his old home, with even something more of the benefits of free citizenship than were enjoyed under the corrupt oligarchy of Pretoria.

In anticipation of the adjournment that will take place next Friday, the Twelve o'Clock Rule is suspended, and consideration of the Education Bill is carried on through the dead watches of the night. This is matter of sore complaint on the Opposition benches. The fact is, responsibility for an undesirable—in the public interest dangerous—condition of affairs rests directly with them. Monday's sitting was carried on till three o'clock on Tuesday morning. But more than the odd three hours was squandered at the earlier portion of the sitting through the action of the Opposition. At this time of the Session it is the invariable practice to move the suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule in order to wind up business by an appointed date. All Governments do it, whether Liberal or Conservative. Yet on Monday the Opposition, personally led by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt, talked for three hours before the inevitable division was allowed to carry suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule. These three hours were re-captured after midnight, a very bad way of doing business. *Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin.*

Nor does this three hours represent the full loss of time at this particular sitting. The Irish members, in return for the subsidy of their denominational schools secured by the Education Bill, have faithfully backed up a Unionist Government in conflict with their old allies the Radicals. But human nature, especially Irish human nature, is limited in its endurance of monotony. Whilst careful not to imperil the Education Bill, the Irish members cannot ever deny themselves the satisfaction of occasionally going "agin the Government." On Monday they found opportunity in a motion for the adjournment, moved by the irrepressible Swift MacNeil, on the subject of the Commission sent out to South Africa to revise the sentences decreed under martial law. Mr. Balfour nipped this enterprise in the bud just as Mr. Dillon rose to flower forth in one of his hour-long speeches. All the same, it cost the House an hour and twenty minutes' valuable time.



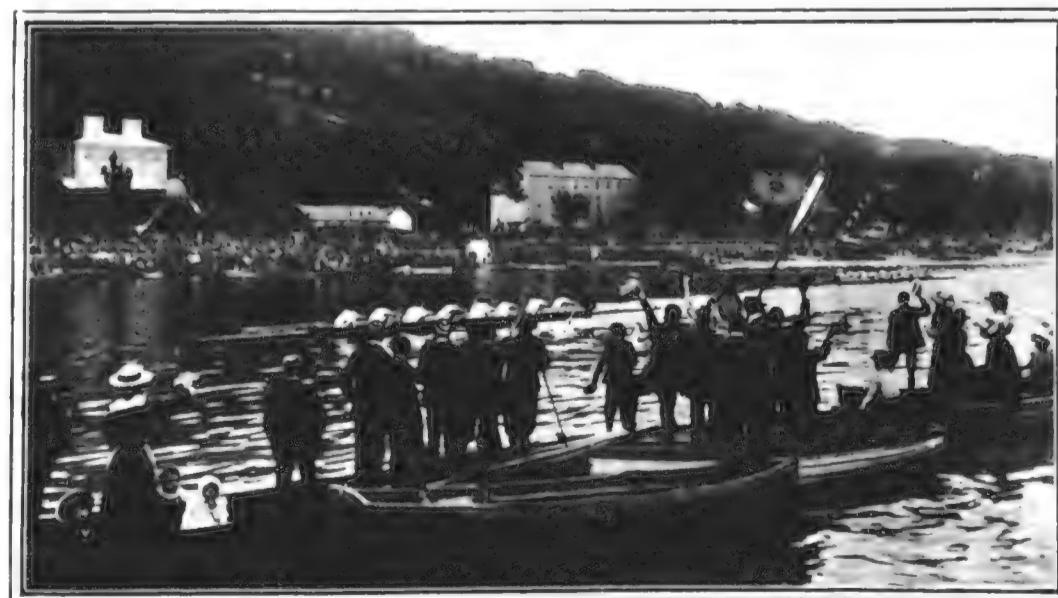
Luis Philippe, Duke of Braganza, and the heir to the Portuguese throne, was born on March 21, 1887. He came to England in June to represent the king of Portugal at the Coronation. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Southwark.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL

The Latest Portrait

"George Garth" at Fulham

THERE is not very much to be said about the new and original play by Messrs. Christie Murray, Henry Murray, and John L. Shine, which has been produced at the Grand Theatre, Fulham. It is frank melodrama of the most old-fashioned sort, with all the stock characters one knows so well—the old squire on the verge of ruin—the hero, his son, who is under a cloud—the scheming villain, who is a younger son—the wicked woman who commits every crime with the same distinction as she wears her Paris frocks—the family lawyer, a Scot (plentifully endowed with all those virtues which we have recently been assured are conspicuously lacking in Scots)—the impossible rustic in a smock frock, etc. One has only to enumerate these people and the play itself will rise before the eyes of every intelligent playgoer. The only idea of any value in it is made little use of, namely, the story of the diamond necklace, which the hero is supposed to have stolen, but which in reality has been mislaid by a child, who, when she hears of the charge that has caused the hero ten years of misery, promptly produces the bauble. Mr. Charles Glenney was strenuous as the hero, Mr. Charles Rock was very good as his "dear old dad," Mr. Wilfred Shine gave a neat little study of the lawyer, while Miss Kathleen Doyle looked and acted uncommonly well as the villainess.



At the Cork International Regatta eleven eights, including crews from the English and Irish Universities, and one from Berlin, entered for the up given by Lord O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and the racing throughout the contest was excellent. The final heat was stubbornly contested by the Berlin Rowing Club team, but the Leander eight proved superior and won the trophy after a most exciting struggle. Subsequently the German Emperor sent the following telegram to Lord O'Brien:—With sincerest thanks for the kind reception and cordial hospitality you gave our Berlin crew. I beg your lordship to express my thanks to president of the Leander Club for the sportsmanlike message he sent me in the name of the club. I think the Berlin crew has done well, and hope the visit will be renewed, and also returned in Berlin. Such contests are excellent in promoting good feeling and friendship between our two countries.—WILLIAM T.R. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE CORK REGATTA. LEANDER WINNING THE FINAL HEAT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CUP



One of the most popular of Chinese festivals is the "Twanning Fish," which may be looked upon as China's Annual Regatta. It originated after back as 446 B.C., and its origin is due to the following incident. In the year above mentioned there lived a just and able Minister of State, who loved the people, and was held in great esteem and respect by them, like many are their good may, however, the only reward of his fidelity and zeal for his tribe was his degradation and disuse. It was so outrous by this base ingratitude that he immediately fled to the great distress and anguish of the people, who immediately put him in a small boat in a narrow river in Hunan. The people, fearing that the fish would disfigure the body, immediately put out in boats to recover it, the rows of each body straining every nerve to outstrip their fellows. This is supposed to have given rise to the racing of "dragon boats." The "dragon boats" are very

QUAINT CRAFT IN THE CHINESE ANNUAL DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL AT SHANGHAI



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Our Portraits

Mrs. Hirst, who has just died at North Ormesby, Middlesbrough, was the daughter of Drum-Major Gibson, who, being on active service in South Africa, took his discharge and settled there when his regiment was ordered home. Brought up in British Kaffraria, Mrs. Hirst went through two Kaffir wars, serving ammunition in the trenches in Fort Hare, under General Somerset, and assisting in the nursing of the wounded, for whom her wedding outfit was sacrificed to make bandages. Her father and brother were murdered, while eating their Christmas dinner, by the Kaffirs, one young brother escaping by the ingenuity of his sister, who hurriedly dressed him in girl's clothes. All Col.-Sergt. and Mrs. Hirst's five sons entered the Army—no fewer than three becoming captains, the fourth bandmaster and warrant officer, and the fifth a sergeant. One of her sons, Captain James Hirst, has been through the whole Boer War, was mentioned by Lord Roberts in despatches, and is still in South Africa. Another son, who died two years ago, was captain and adjutant (staff) at Netley, where he was most sincerely respected, and where a monument has been erected to his memory. He had the honour of being presented to our late Queen Victoria. Mrs. Hirst's eldest son, Captain and Adjutant Oxford L.I., has only retired after over forty years' service. Mrs. Hirst's only daughter married a soldier, Colour-Sergeant Farrell, and has two sons serving His Majesty, five of Mrs. Hirst's grandsons in all being in the Army. It having occurred to one of Mrs. Hirst's friends that for three men in one family and in different branches of the Service to rise to the position of Captain in H.M. Army must be a notable event, it was brought to the notice of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., Commander-in-Chief. With his characteristic kindness Lord

Roberts replied that it was "a very remarkable military record," and that he had forwarded it to Sir Francis Knollys for the King's information. From his own sick-bed, as a result of this, there came a message of kindly and gracious sympathy from His Majesty to his loyal subject, and expressions of hope that she would recover from the serious illness from which she was suffering, a great gratification to the old lady, who only lived a few days after receiving it, but was quite able to appreciate the honour.

Miss Ethel M. Smyth, whose *Der Wald* is the first opera by a lady which has ever been performed during the grand season at Covent Garden, is a daughter of a general of artillery who fought in the Indian Mutiny. Her first teacher was Colonel Ewing, composer of the hymn tune "Jerusalem the Golden." After studying at the Leipzig Conservatory and under Professor von Herzogenberg, a noted Hindelian conductor, she brought out some chamber pieces in Germany, and twelve years ago she produced at the Crystal Palace a Serenade for strings and an overture entitled "Antony and Cleopatra." Since then, however, her style has developed, and she has become an avowed adherent of the advanced school. Her first opera, *Fantasio*, said to be on Wagnerian lines, was produced at Weimar in 1898; and her *Der Wald* was originally given at the Royal Opera, Berlin, last March. Miss Smyth, beyond question, has enormous musical ability, and also possesses the keen enthusiasm which is akin to genius. She, moreover, has the true poetic and dramatic instinct, and is undoubtedly a composer likely to make her mark in the history of opera. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

John Watts, the ex-jockey, was born at Stockbridge in 1861.

When quite a youth he was apprenticed to Tom Cannon at Danbury, and quickly made a name for himself as a capable horseman. Watts during his career carried off nearly every big race, but his record year was in 1892, when he was successful on 114 occasions. He rode four Derby winners, namely, *Merry Hampton*, *Sainfoin*, *Ladas* and *Persimmon*, the latter carrying the Royal colours. Watts had ridden for many prominent patrons of the turf, including the King (when Prince of Wales), the Duke of Portland, the late Baron Hirsch, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Barclay, for the latter of whom he won the Kempton Jubilee Stakes on the great Bendigo in 1897. Increasing weight compelled Watts a few years back to relinquish riding and take up training. Our portrait is by Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

Mr. Rowland Hirst Barran (Liberal), of Beechwood, Roundhay, near Leeds, who has captured with a majority of 758 the seat vacated by Mr. W. L. Jackson's elevation to the Upper House, is the youngest son of Sir John Barran, first baronet, of Chapel Allerton Hall, near Leeds, and Queen's Gate, London. He is a member of the firm of John Barran and Sons, merchants, of Leeds, is a member of the Leeds City Council, and was at one time a member of the Leeds School Board. Our portrait is by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

Dr. Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S. Edin., F.R.C.S.E., is the President elect of the British Medical Association, which has been holding its seventieth annual meeting at Manchester this week. Dr. Whitehead is Consulting Surgeon to the Manchester Royal Infirmary. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Manchester.

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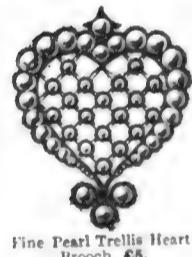
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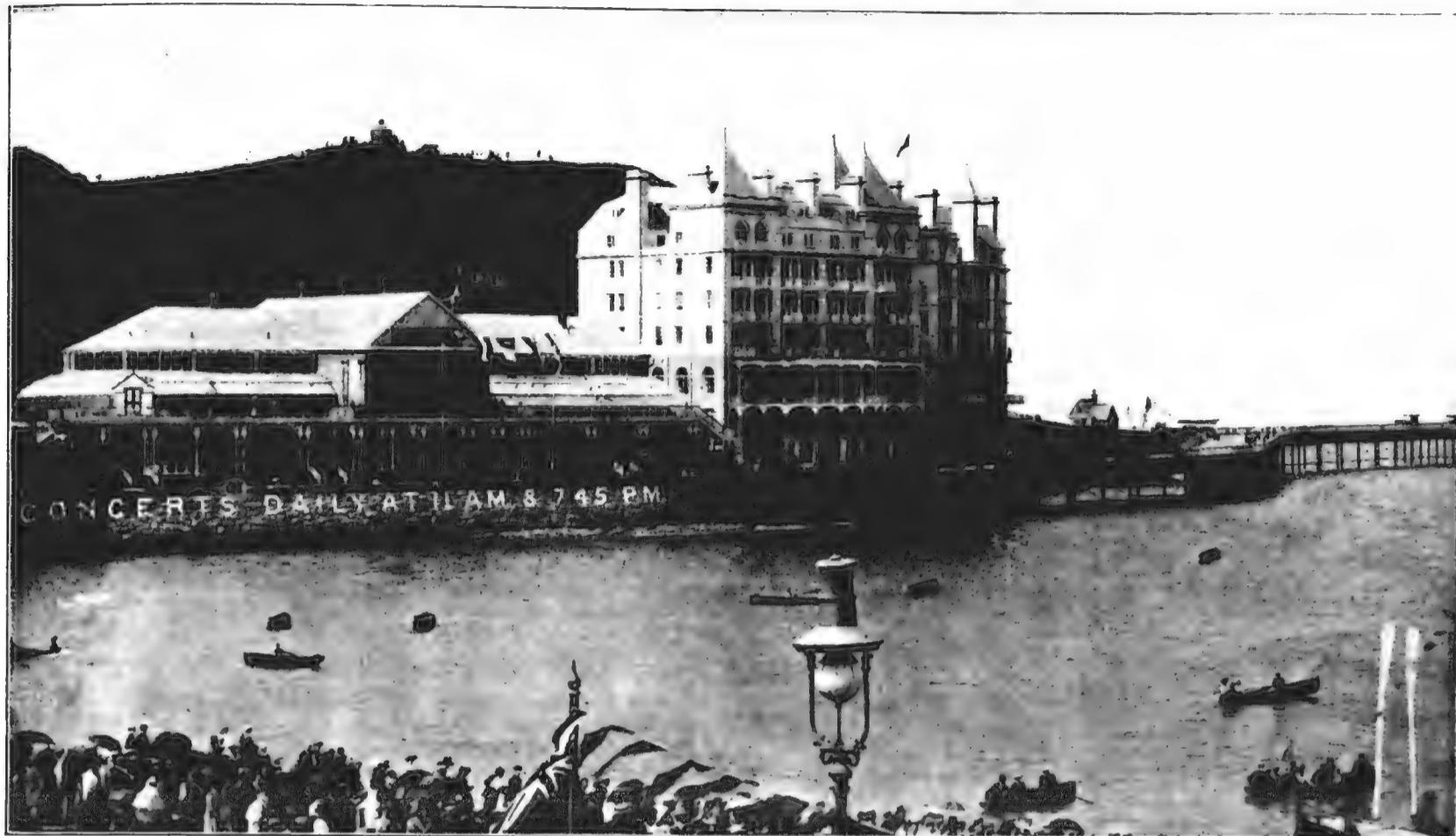


PHOTO BY SLATER, LLANDUDNO

THIS magnificent Hotel, built, decorated, and furnished by the eminent firm of Warings, has recently been opened under the most experienced management, and is already, in the course of only a few weeks, attracting a steady flow of visitors. Alike in construction and appointments, the Hotel is modern in the fullest sense of the word. For comfort, for hygiene, for aesthetic furnishing, for excellence of cuisine, for completeness of service, and for general equipment and organisation it ranks with the best establishments of

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Presentation Plate--

"THE HOME MOORINGS"

From the Painting by C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.

Coronation Address from Indian Christians

THE accompanying Address, which is to be presented to the King by Indian Christians, is to be enclosed in a casket designed and executed by Ram Singh, of the Mayo School of Art. The special interest attaching to this casket lies in the fact that the carvings on it, which are beautifully executed in bold relief, represent practically the whole of Protestant Christian India, irrespective of sectarian differences. The Address itself is the work of Sher Muhammed, also of the Lahore School of Art. At the top, beneath the Royal Coat of Arms, is an Urdu quatrain combining, with Oriental ingenuity, not only the salutation to the Emperor, but also a cryptogram in the fourth line giving the month and year of the Coronation. The floral border is of oak and olive foliage, representing long life and peace; at intervals are medallion portraits of the Delhi ivory painting type, of Kunwar Sir Harnam Singh, Alhuwalia, Punjab; K. C. Bannerji, Esq., Bengal; Dr. S. Pulney Andy, Madras; Rao Sahib R. G. Bhore, Bombay; and E. Phillips, Esq., United Province—the Presidents of the five Indian Christian Associations, each with a facsimile signature below it. Within the floral border on the top left corner is an English crown, and in the right an Indian one, while in between is the Royal Coat of Arms. Just before the crowns, are two angels presenting Indian crowns, one a King's, the other a Queen's. The illumination, which is done on vellum, is a curious but effective blending of green and gold, with other colours not easily described by a layman. The idea of this presentation Casket and Address originated with Kunwar Sir Harnam Singh, and in January last, after three meetings in Lahore, the Protestant Christians of India were asked to co-operate. The Casket was first put together in Lahore and then taken apart and the various parts distributed over India to be carved. These were then returned to Lahore and finally put together. Our photograph was supplied by the Punjab Bible and Religious Book Society.

THE FAMOUS SPHINX IS WASTING AWAY. After surviving so many centuries, it now feels the effect of the alteration in the Egyptian climate, due to the irrigation improvements of late years. For hundreds of years scarcely an hour's rain fell during the whole twelvemonth, but tree-planting and irrigation works in the delta have so changed matters that from fifteen to eighteen days' heavy rain is now the usual annual downfall. Thus a few years' rain have done more harm to the Sphinx than the scouring of centuries.



THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN CORONATION ADDRESS TO THE KING

Our Bookshelf

"A BLAZE OF GLORY"

THE seventy-fifth number of a series is the "Diamond" wedding, or jubilee, or whatever may be—not the sixtieth, as an age in a hurry for its celebrations has agreed to pretend. And we may, therefore, congratulate that industrious of novelists, John Strange Winter, upon the achievement of her properly Diamond novel under the truly appropriate title of "A Blaze of Glory" (F. V. White and Co.). Counting the list of her works at the end of her volume, we find that she has now published the surely record number of seventy-five. Nor can we trace any signs of falling off in quality—rather the other way. "A Blaze of Glory" is more military than its more recent predecessors; its hero, Victor L'Estrange, being a recurrence to that feebly sentimental personage, with a dash of the cad and more than a dash of the noodle, who typifies the British cavalry officer in John Strange Winter's eyes. That our eyes see differently, we need not say. However, here he is, as of old, except that he is complicated with three young women—each of whom he treats abominably—instead of the normal two; while the *jeune première* among them, Betty Legendre, née Garnett, is complicated with one young and two middle-aged men. She starts her career at the age of sixteen with a failure to commit suicide, and winds up in triumph with a plucky deed of despatch-bearing in the late war, and giving her first and last lover the chance, gallantly seized, of winning the inevitable V.C. There is plenty of life and liveliness in the novel—quite enough to make us look forward to its author's hundredth without a shadow of misgiving.

"THE POET AND PENELOPE"

L. Parry Truscott's story (T. Fisher Unwin) tells how Penelope loved a poet, but rejected him, after marriage because she did not care for poetry—not even for his—and therefore would not do him the wrong of making him the husband of a wife who could not give him the perfect sympathy that a poet would require. This particular poet, however, did not want sympathy, but Penelope: and so ultra-flimsy a barrier to their union was obviously only erected in order to be broken down. Of equal importance is the way in which Rank and Fashion were shaken to their depths by the ingenuity of a tradesman who sold a bronze vase, as unique, to the Duchess of Pentire, and its exact replica—also as unique—to a Lady Margaret Huddleston Jones. As the connection of this storm in a teacup with the affairs of Penelope and her poet is the author's secret till he reveals it himself, we will not betray it here. Mr. Truscott is an expert in the difficult art of reporting the ordinary talk of

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ordinary people in such wise as to make it amusing without loss of actuality: indeed his story is decidedly interesting, in a whimsical way.

"AU TRANSVAAL, ET DANS LE SUD-AFRICAIN AVEC LES ATTACHEES MILITAIRES".

Most books written by foreigners on the late war have either been so manifestly anti-British, or so ludicrously inaccurate, that to come across a book which is both unbiased and true to fact is as refreshing as it is unusual. M. Raoul-Duval, in his "Au Transvaal," shows no prejudices, and is fair in his criticisms to both sides. He has been the guest of English officers in England, and of Boers in their own country. Thus he has had ample opportunity of noting the characteristics of both belligerents. He went to South Africa as interpreter to the French military attaché with the Boer armies, and although he saw but five months' service in the field, he was present at several engagements, and saw the war in all its aspects. At the end of that period a severe fall from his horse compelled him to relinquish his duties. His remarks, however, on the campaign and the combatants are well worthy of attention, and are the outcome of mature reflection and well-weighed judgment. He was present at the battles of Poplar Grove and of Abraham's Kraal, of the first of which he draws a most vivid picture. The defeat of the Boers would have been much more complete had not the English troops been tired to death "after accomplishing the longest marches that had been done since the days of Napoleon I." He says that "ten minutes after the attack the Boers were suddenly seized with panic. Then we saw, in all its hideousness," he continues, "what an undisciplined army can become when mad with panic. Everything, everybody, was thrown pell-mell into confusion. The one idea was to fly, to fly as quickly as possible. Men struck at each other when the road happened to become narrow, and many vehicles were unable to pass to the front." He writes later that since the beginning of the war the Boers had always given proof of remarkable endurance and extraordinary tenacity. But it is evident, he thinks, that if these peasants and farmers, accustomed from their earliest youth to fight against wild beasts or Kaffirs, had adopted, without preparation, the tactics of nations with standing armies, they would have been crushed from the first. It was exactly their ignorance of modern tactics in which lay their strength. They understood perfectly how to withdraw from a battle and to prepare an ambuscade, but they did not know how to profit by the advantages they possessed, of their knowledge of the country and the faults of the British. M. Raoul-Duval does full justice to the bravery of our officers and men, and also appreciates the immense difficulties that had to be surmounted by them. When the volume was penned the war was far from finished, but, nevertheless, the author's opinion of Boer fighting is remarkably interesting. From what he saw of their offensive tactics and of their deplorable way of fighting in retreat, without either order or discipline, he was forced to recognise that they could never overcome an invading army such as that opposed to them. "The war of surprises and ambuscades might prolong the resistance of the allied republics, but it could never definitely conquer the English, unless the climate and sickness—that is to say, nature itself came to their aid." It is impossible, in the space at our command,

"Au Transvaal, et dans le Sud-Africain avec les Attachés Militaires." Par Roger Raoul-Duval. (Delagrave, Paris.)

to do full justice to this admirable work. It is well and carefully written and illustrated, and we can only hope that it will be widely read in France, and that the readers will learn by it to do us justice, at least as far as our dispute with the Boers is concerned.

"ROYAL ASCOT" *

To those who take more than a mere gambling interest in the "Sport of Kings" this volume will prove a veritable mine of information and amusement. It is a handsomely got-up work, well written, well printed, and profusely illustrated with modern photographs and reproductions of old prints, and, moreover, the authors claim that it is the first complete history of the Ascot Race Meeting that has ever been compiled. The first chapter consists of a brief sketch of horse-racing in England, a sport which dates back to the Roman occupation, although, according to the writers, it is not until 1724 that we have any direct evidence that it had become a sport in popular favour. The Ascot Meeting owes its origin to Queen Anne, who "on one of her drives through the country in the early summer of 1711 stopped on the common at Ascot, and her sportsmanlike eye at once taking in the natural advantages offered for her favourite sport, gave orders for a course to be at once prepared, and announced her intention of presenting a plate to be raced for. The Royal commands were quickly obeyed, and in the *London Gazette* of July 12, 1711, it was notified that 'Her Majesty's plate of 100 guineas would be run for round the new heat on Ascot Common, near Windsor, on Tuesday, August 7 next, by any horse, mare, or gelding, being no more than six years old the grass before.' The limit of our space prevents us from dealing with many historic races run on the famous course. Suffice it to say that they are fully described in this interesting volume, which contains not only portraits of all the best horses, but also of the jockeys, owners, and officials, with a short biography of each. From beginning to end the book is most interesting and complete, and its many illustrations by Leech and other well-known artists add much to its charm and value.

"THE NATURALIST ON THE THAMES" †

Mr. C. J. Cornish, besides being a naturalist of repute, is familiar with every reach of the river from Oxford to the Nore, and from "having spent the greater part of his outdoor life in the Thames Valley, in the enjoyment of the varied interests of its natural history and sport," has learnt to appreciate its beauties and fascinations. Beginning with a description of the Thames at Sinodun Hill—an eminence as well known to boating-men as is the Nelson Column to Londoners—and an interesting account of the filling of the river after the driest season ever known (1893), he discourses easily and pleasantly, as becomes one who drifts without exertion down the "stream of pleasure" on various subjects and topics connected with it. Amongst other chapters there is a most interesting one on the shells of the Thames, a matter to which few have turned their attention, and others on trout and crayfish, on chub fishing, on the birds that frequent the river, and on its plants, including some highly instructive writing on those which are poisonous. He

"Royal Ascot." By George James Cawthorne and Richard S. Herod. (Trehorne.)

"The Naturalist on the Thames." By C. J. Cornish, F.Z.S. (Seeley.)

writes learnedly on London's buried elephants, and also gives readable account of the method employed in netting stags in Richmond Park. Boating-men will find some useful information to camping out, etc., whilst yachtsmen will be entertained with tales treating of Canvey Island and other parts of the low reaches of the river.

"ACROSS MANY SEAS" *

Both as a book of travel and as a record of a special correspondent's life, this volume is well worthy of attention. The author loved adventure for adventure's sake, and started early on his eventful career. He was on the staff of the *Great Eastern* on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic; he was engaged in blockade running during the American war, and has had some interesting experiences in carrying contraband arms and ammunition to rival Republics in South America. And in addition, he has fought in a more or less fierce duel, when the only damage done was to a large mirror and a monkey's tail. As a correspondent he has assisted in many wars and Royal functions, and interviewed many interesting personalities, including Cetewayo, O'Donnell, who shot Carey, the Irish Invincible and informer, also Prempeh, the drunken King of the Ashantis, and Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Bismarck. Moreover, he has travelled far and wide in China, witnessed the rebellion in Jamaica, over which so much ink has been spilt, was the first correspondent to arrive at Coomassie during the Ashanti campaign, and lastly went unscathed through the late war in South Africa. Mr. Kinnear is one of the most jovial of correspondents, and his brightly written volume teems with humorous incidents and interesting anecdotes of people and places.

"WITH THE GUARDS' BRIGADE" †

Mr. Lowry, the senior Wesleyan chaplain with the South African force, has already given us two volumes on his experiences at the front, to which this third makes an interesting addition. True, it is somewhat discursive, and naturally, after so many war books have been published, novelty is not its strong point. But it is pleasantly written, in a chatty style, and makes good if light reading.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT AMONG FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER" *

Mr. Conway's experiences of sport of all kinds stretch both far and wide, and what is unusual in sportsmen, he wields his pen with as much facility and success as he does his rod and his gun. He has many thrilling stories to relate of exciting fights with salmon, of grand sport among the deer in the Highlands, and successful days spent trout fishing in the lochs and streams of Northern England and of Scotland. Like most men devoted to angling, the author is a good judge of character, and he relates many amusing anecdotes of the fishermen, gillies, and others with whom he has been brought into contact. Beyond this, he can, and does, make his own rods, and can instruct others how to do likewise. He is generous in giving good advice and hints—in fact, a more useful, entertaining, and well-written book on sporting matters is not often met with.

* "Across Many Seas." By Alfred Kinnear. (Arrowsmith.)

† "With the Guards' Brigade." By Rev. F. P. Lowry. (Marshall.)

* "Recollections of Sport Among Fin, Fur and Feather." By James Conway. (Digby, Long.)

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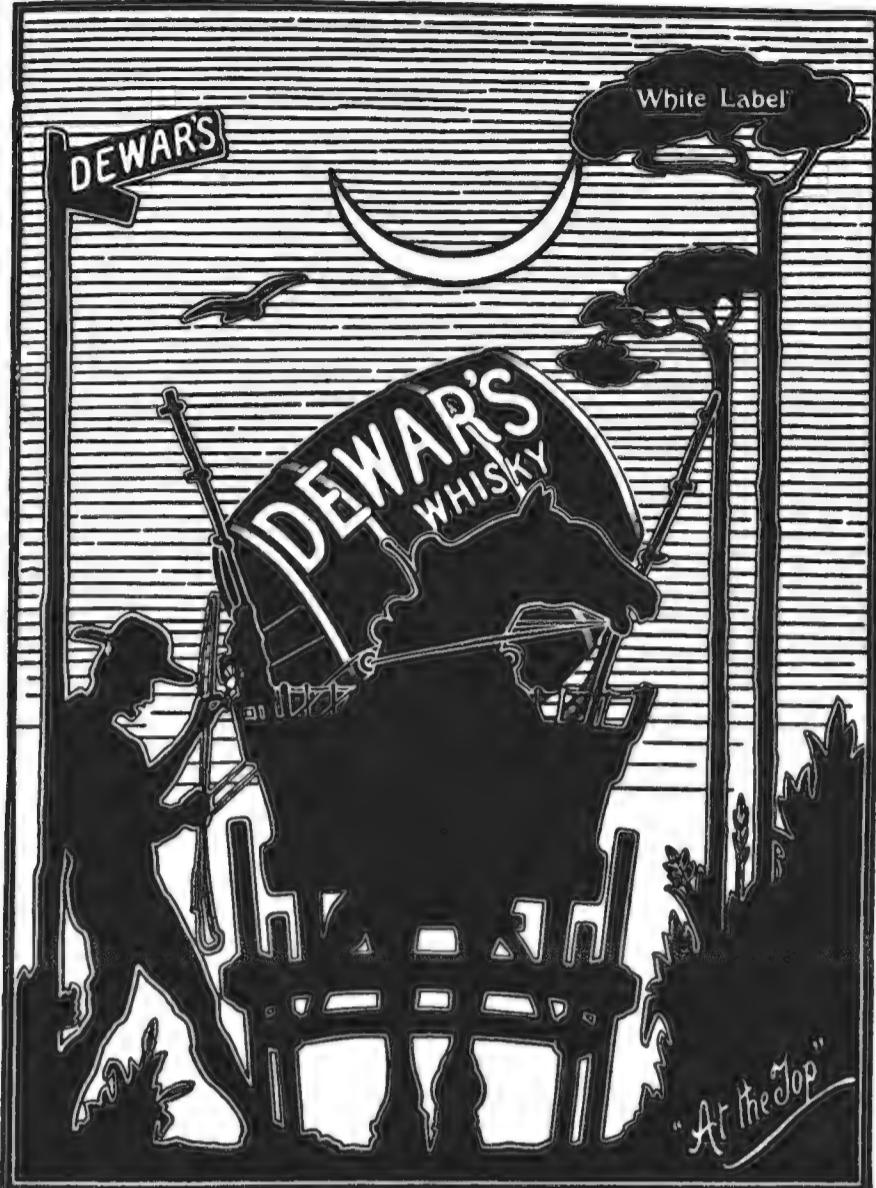
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"THE COURT OF DESTINY"

G. G. Chatterton's "The Court of Destiny" (John Long) is introduced by the Shakespearean axiom concerning "Hanging and Wooing." The hanging part is represented by a version of the actual case of revival, under the hands of the surgeons, of a man who had undergone the process in question, and his secret conveyance abroad. The wooing is the every-day experience of a long engagement, happily terminated by improved fortunes. It is certainly an anti-climax to the preceding portion, with which it has no necessary connection; but it gives scope for a picture of Jamaica, which, while equally irrelevant, is interesting in an unexciting way.

"DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL"

The elopement of Dorothy, the heiress of the Vernons, with Sir John Manners, is one of the classics of romance, and on the whole we wish Mr. Charles Major had left it unadorned. Indeed, his long novel (Macmillan and Co.) goes far to deprive everybody concerned of every particle of sympathy, representing Dorothy as crazy with jealousy and unbridled passion for a boorish booby, to

whom she makes such furious love that the reader, at any rate, wearies of her kisses. Mr. Major has also been unfortunate in his choice of a narrator. Sir Malcolm Vernon, who fulfills that role, poses as having been the favoured lover of Mary Queen of Scots, before her marriage with the Dauphin (whom we are told she "loathed"), but as having no words strong enough for her subsequent iniquities. Now, when a man has nothing but venomous abuse for a lady whose favours he brags of having enjoyed, he must needs be either a liar all round or else something worse than a liar; and so we are made to feel towards Sir Malcolm, whom Dorothy (as he carefully lets us know) nevertheless styles "a strong, gentle, noble man." His extraordinary hashes of history—for some of which, though by no means the worst, Mr. Major adds a note of apology—may however suggest the extenuation of senility on the part of one who is supposed to be writing his memoirs in his old age. The novel, notwithstanding, has its merits. It has plenty of spirit and action, Dorothy's whirlwindness is felt as well as described, and we are for once spared the conventional jargon, known as "Periodese," in which historical fiction is now usually served.

"THE FATE RETURNING"

The scene of Maigery Williams's story (William Heinemann) is laid—Where? The opening seems to suggest Trafalgar Square on a Peace-night; presently Hayti, with the local colour left out, seems a more probable location. However this may be, the story proceeds to turn upon the mistress of a President who, induced by her ineradicable sympathies with the People from whom she sprang, threw in her lot with the popular leader, was arrested while endeavouring to escape with him in male attire, and shot in his company. The bulk of the volume, however, is taken up with the comments of an American journalistic and consular chorus. We make these remarks, by way not of criticism, but of possible assistance towards the discovery of what it all means. It would be obviously unfair to criticise what we are by no means sure we understand. We do, however, appreciate the scene of the death of Vanda. It comes with the pathetic surprise of a melodious passage in the middle of an "advanced" symphony, and may make the requisite study of the rest of the story worth the while of readers with plenty of time.



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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

A JULY of most unequal rainfall and of singularly variable temperature is difficult to speak of as a whole. Some places have received two inches more rain than others within the same county. This reduces reports of prospects to a multitude of separate probabilities, and any attempt to strike an average is bound to be misleading. Weather good for the roots and bad for the fruit in any given place, for example, cannot be balanced against weather good for fruit and bad for roots elsewhere, unless the extent to which the crops are cultivated is the same. The temperature has been variable all over England, so that here our problem is of another kind. Did the extremely hot days bring on growth so that the following cold period surprised the cereals at a moment when want of warmth is most injurious? Probably not often. The backwardness of the corn early in July was a protection, and harvest, though bound to be late, is not unlikely to reach a full average of wheat and to exceed it of oats. The barley is still growing and improving, but had much leeway to make up. As straw is a big crop, the new corn stacks are bound to bulk largely and to create a general idea of a big yield. In the flower garden the high winds have done more harm than the thunder rains.

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LABOUR-SAVING APPLIANCES

Seeing that it is the labour bill which more than anything else crushes the farmer nowadays, and that even when the farmer is a willing hirer the hands are often to seek, it is interesting to note that one well-known firm is putting on the market a harvester which replaces one of the usual men by machinery. The reaper attachment for side delivery should pay for itself in a couple of harvests and last for ten. Hay-lifting machines, saving much labour, are coming into prominence, and the latest of these "labour-savers," though humble in its way, is most useful as

removing a cause of danger. It is an automatic safety-gate for bird scaring. Not only now are the crow-boys most difficult to procure, but the interference of school board inspectors has caused farmers to feel extremely uncomfortable whenever hiring a lad. He may so easily tell a white lie over his age—in other words expose the farmer to a heavy fine. And "the boy with the gun" is not always free from danger either to himself or others. The machine fires at times as fixed by the farmer, it fires safely and takes loud detonating cartridges.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

For the first time in the history of Kew Gardens a pair of the storks in the gardens have nested and hatched out a pair of chicks. Wasps are very numerous this year and have "set in early," so to speak. Have any of our readers ever noticed the strange attraction coal has for wasps? They swarm round coal wagons, on coal trucks in country sidings, and on coal barges up river. Cuckoos are in voice much later than usual this year. A fine yellow-amber coloured mole has been caught in Essex. It would be very desirable to see if this rare sport in colour could be perpetuated. The scarcity of the common house fly this year has been much remarked. A cold May is believed to be most prejudicial to these tiresome insects. Four night frosts were recorded at Ipswich during July. This is an almost unique occurrence.

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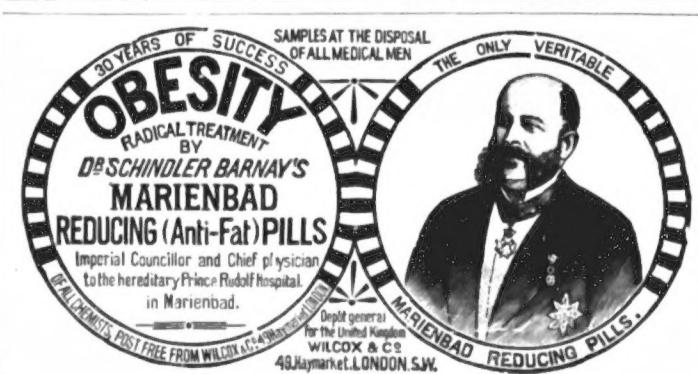
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